



IN THE TWILIGHT TIMES



Emil's
HOBOTOURS 2009



"As a long time reader of history and standing here in my newest roll as a first-time whistleblower to the not so forbidden but misplaced knowledge of the First Humans; let me take this moment to express my appreciation to the Korean Home Shopping Network's coverage of this press conference..."

- Emil (2023)

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A press conference seemed a bit too much and many of my fellow master Hobos might suggest a tad bit of egoist grandstanding; which might stand true if it wasn't for the fact that it was the best bet that I might survive this journey and not be found out in the back reaches of a dark national park, suicided according to the typed note

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pinned to my freshly pressed suit jacket with no mud on the soles of new leather shoes and a most curious gunshot wound to the base of my skull in old school Soviet KGB mythology – I am told that this is a backup story in case some nosey reporter comes snooping around. “If all else fails, blame them Damn Ruskies!”

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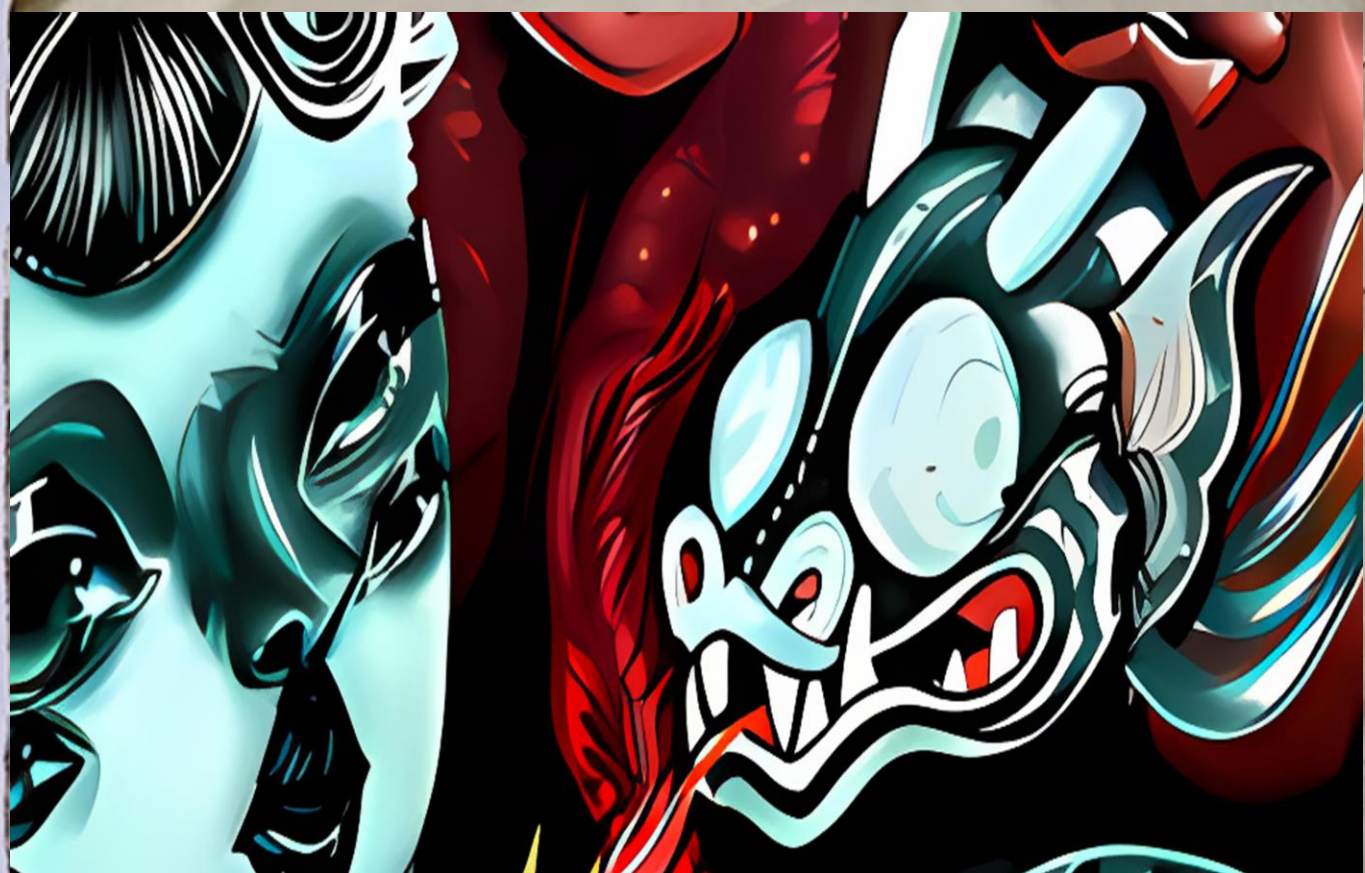
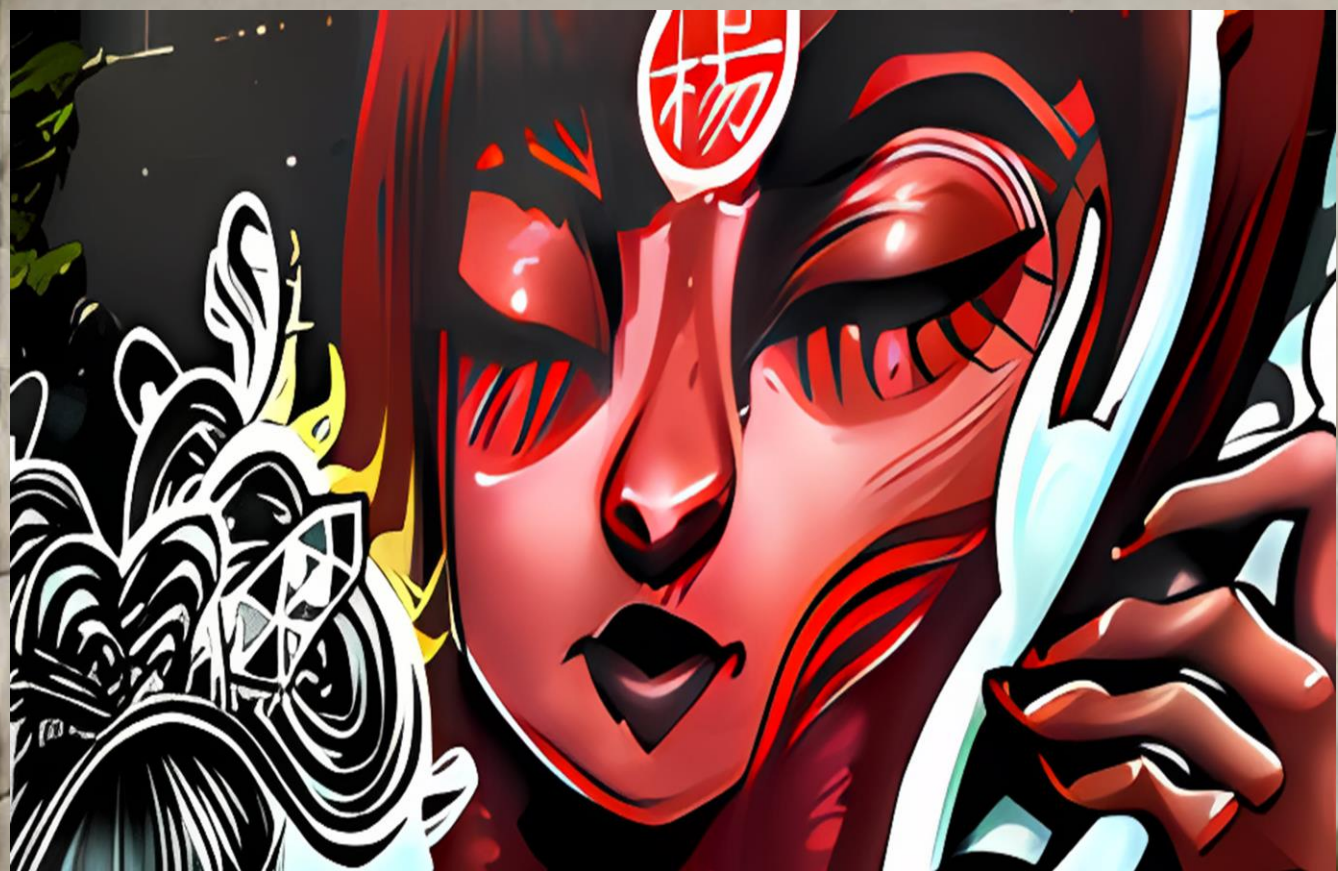
Believe me; I do understand how crazy this all sounds but, as my mentor (Larry Nichols) use to teach us in his Political Bootcamp 101:

"The Government hides things in plain sight and if they want to discredit the truth, they release it to the "Tin Foil Hat" Brigade so all polite society will instantly dismiss it as baseless..."

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So, when I approached Larry, he merely smiled as whispered in my one good ear: "I told you so, Tator Chip!" What Larry and them government boys didn't know was that I ain't a newbie to all this having studied under the tutorage of the Great Gurus James and Wanda for the better part of a decade and have friends in the Mystery School

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of Alexandria (that's in Egypt, you know?) which let me quickly dismiss the vast majority of the leaked data as being some sort of amateur psych-op by one or more of our home grown intel agencies or (maybe) directly from Spectra (I use this bondian term for you to have a better frame of reference as to the secret, corporate

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masters that are financing most of the grand reset here at the Dawn of the Great Social Reset and the birthing pains related to the establishment of the new People's Republic of Amerika) in an order to hide the real truth(s) by their association with a lone wolf, one of the few remaining Jesuits of Truth and well-known anti-social kook.

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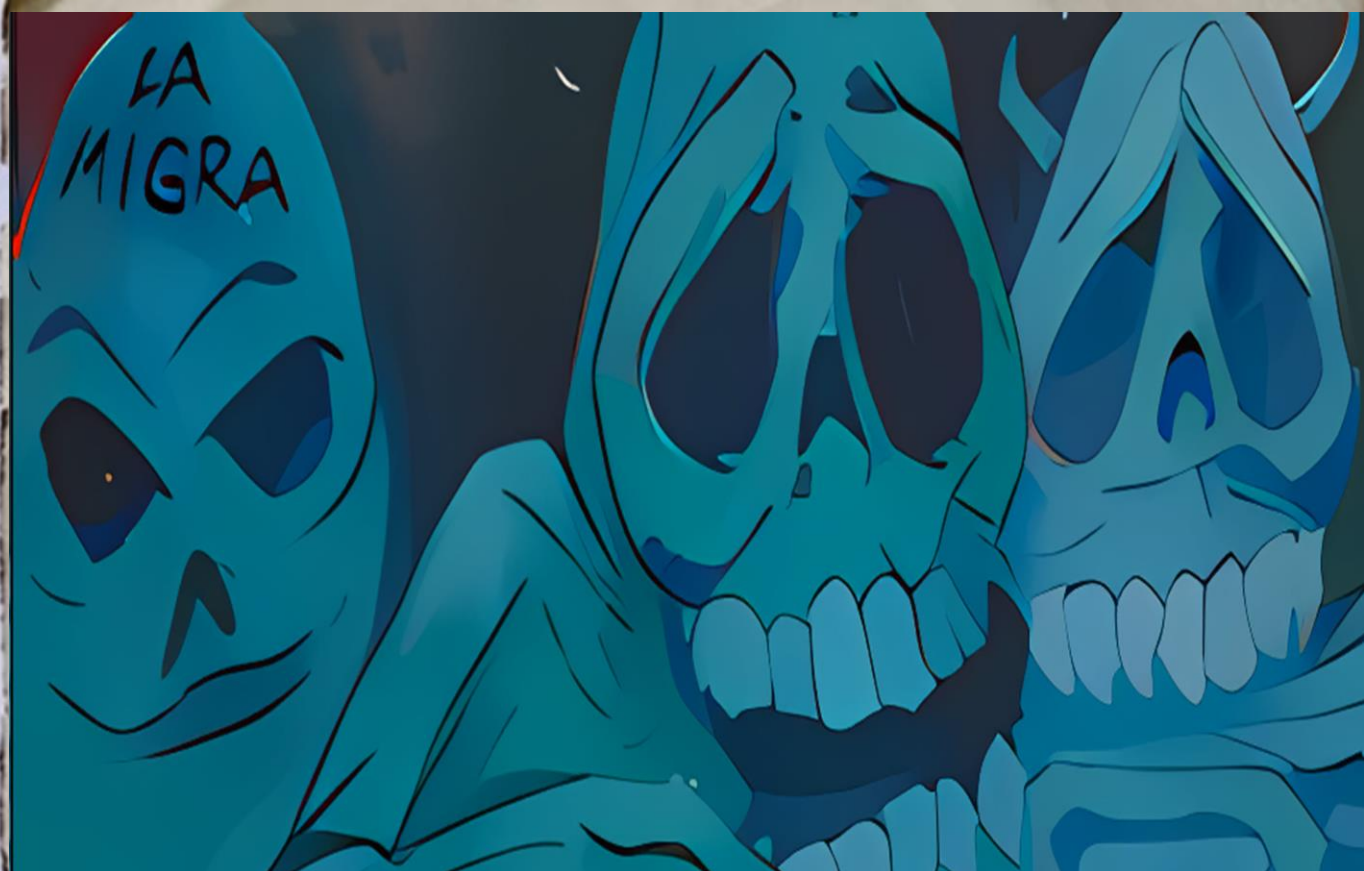
GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

The last time I held legitimate, honest-to-goodness, downhome press conference was right after publication of my (should have been Amazonian Best Seller) book "Postcards from Hell" and to address the slanderous lies being

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spread in regards to Hell and Heaven coming together in a rare sign of unity to take out a joint restraining order against me for some nonsense that I had staged an insurrection in Hell's main processing center with a handful

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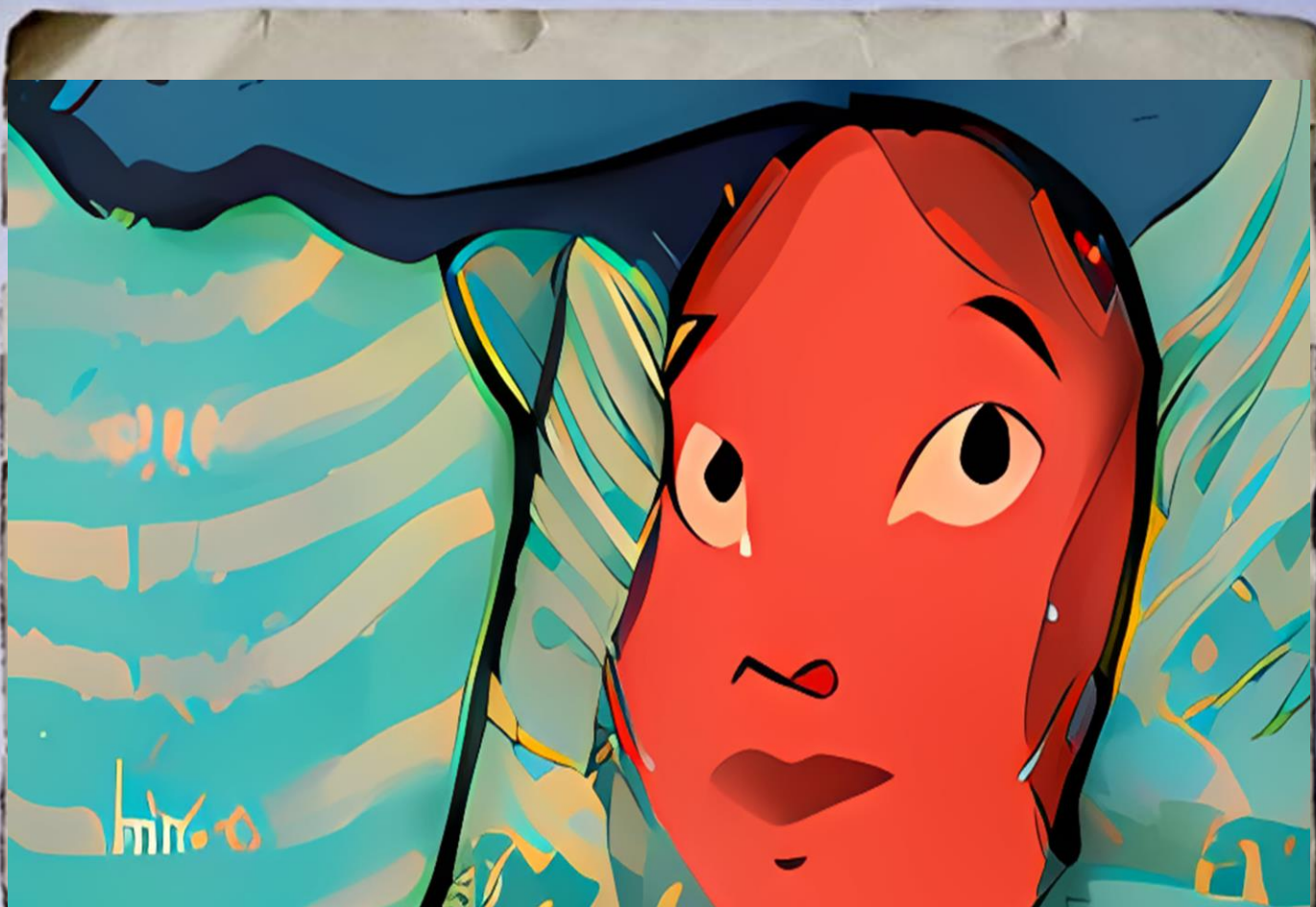


GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!
of hooligans and former bikers.
While it would be flattering to
have been this truly troubled, Che
Revolutionary Guy trying to free
the minions and lessor demons
that work for far less than the
standard minimum wage (even by

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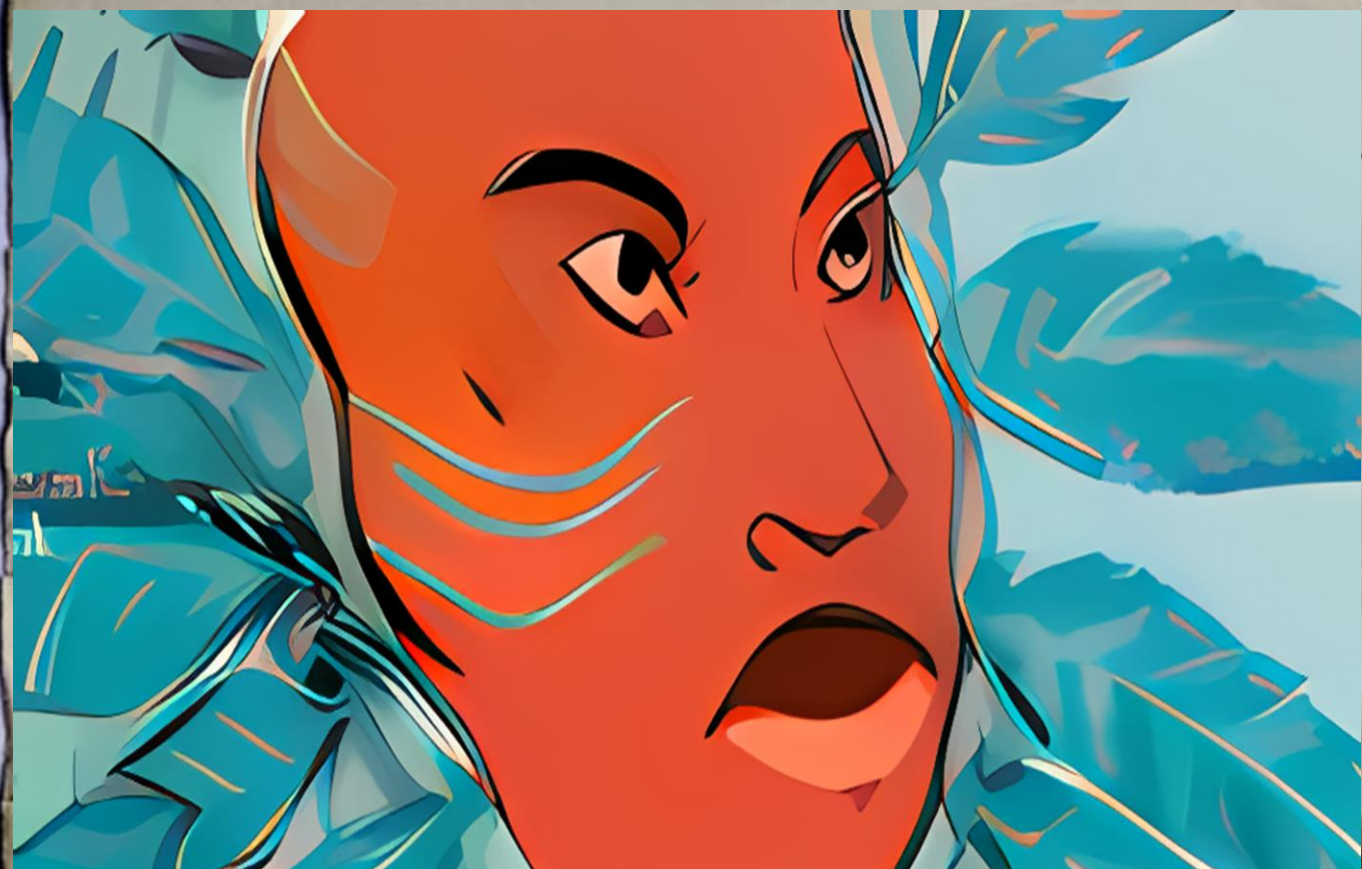
Hell's standards) as was freely admitted to in cross-examination but they went on to explain that Hell is actually a "Right to Work" community...So, it was alright!

As a sidebar point of view, the whole trial was conducted under

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GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

a modified oath as Hell's
Administrative, humorless clerks
(who had been authorized to
testify) had a real problem with
the oath:

"So, help me, God."

Even though I had over a 1,000

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pages of sworn testimony that well documented my book's claims about how the hapless, league of laborers toiled long-hours without bathroom or lunch breaks and no general dental plan coverage; the judge ruled

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against me numerous times over presenting any of this evidence (including a large collection of 8-by-10, labeled photographs) and even at one point, tried to add his own name to the restraining orders.

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This insurrection nonsense was only a cover as to cast doubt and credibility to my book's powerful expo on the slave-like abuse of their massive labor force and to a seriously long laundry list of administrative corruption,

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mismanagement and that pointed out that the Great Satan has been missing in action for at least the last 1,000 earth years.

Like, No Shit!

He has been gone for at least 1,000 years and there is a serious

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instability growing amongst the senior levels of their cadre of administrative management and signs of growing unrest amongst the elitist cast who have been left without instructions other than to maintain the status quo.

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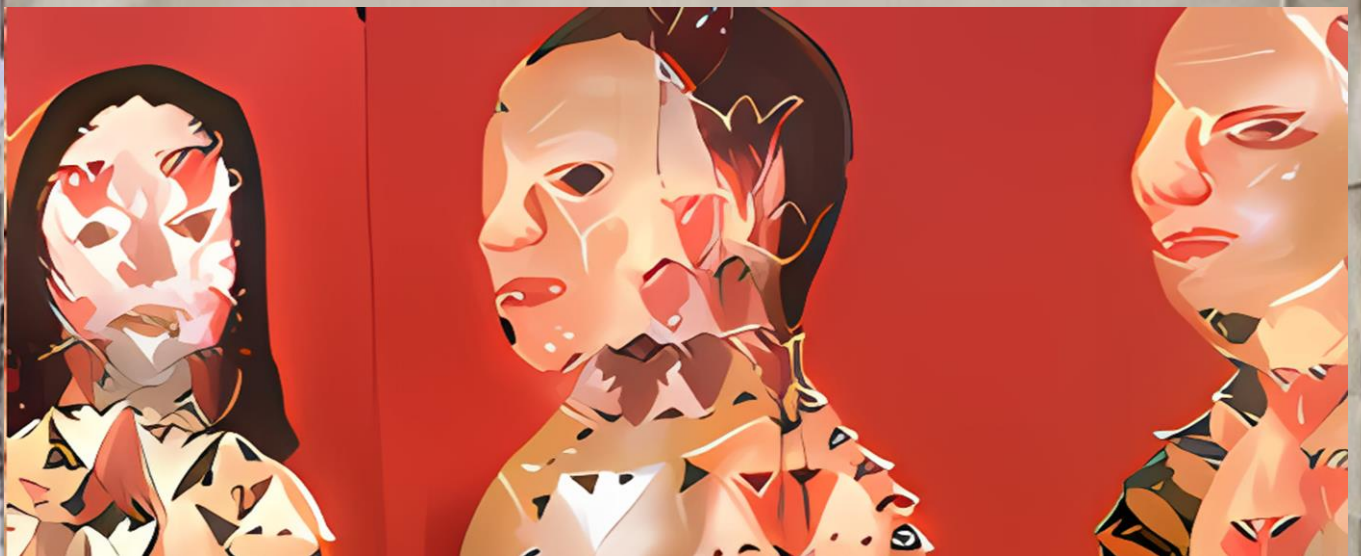
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This they do but, my investigative reporting stands testament that the status quo is quite wearing thin and you can see how this trickles down to even the lowest levels and just try to get a proper bottle of Cuban Rum...and don't

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get me started on the bootleg Cuban Cigars made in inner-city sweatshops located somewhere in downtown Baltimore that they sell for an outrageous markup to the unknowing rubes who shuffle through that transit center (which

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I am told is directly patterned after the FEMA Re-Education Centers) in ever increasing numbers as the shit-hits-the-fan down on the Late Great Planet Earth (actually the proper name is still Earth Mining Colony #1).

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GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

This press conference was different in that it was a means to helping me ensure that I continue to live a long, health life as my mentor Larry explains that once the secret(s) are out in public domain then it is far less likely

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that some unknown contractor
will be hired to suicide me out in
the middle of a National Park
(like his old friend Vince or Lady
Di who died in a tunnel in Paris).

He explained that once you get
the intel out there; they have little

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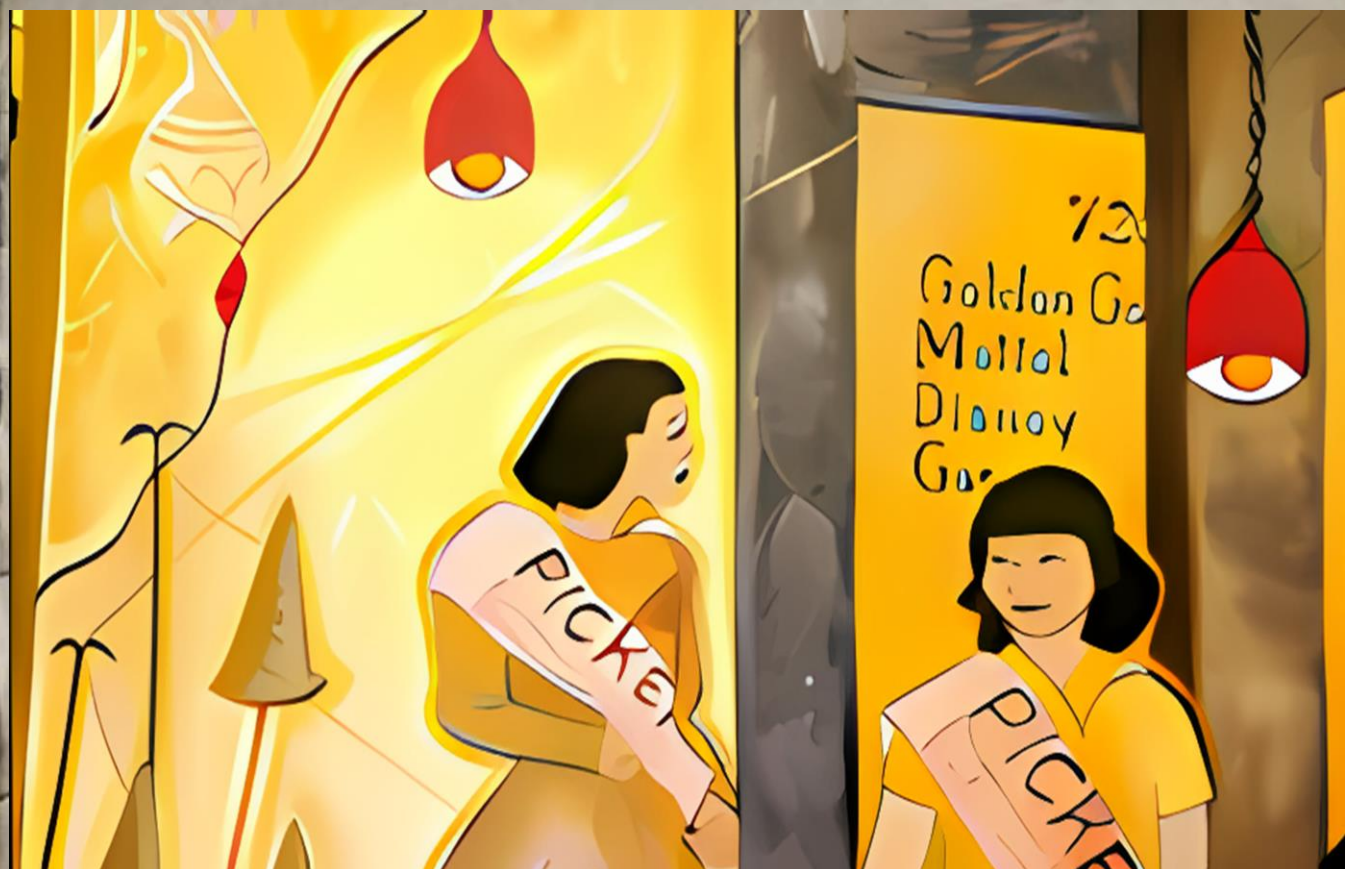
desire to take you out as to do so
would justify to the general public
that (Maybe) there really was
something to all that shit you
were screaming about, after all.

Just as I was about to take a
deep breath and mount the stage,

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Larry leaned in and whispered:

"This just means that they won't kill you! From this day on, they will hound you to hell but, then that is joke on them, ain't it? They must have forgotten about those standing restraining orders...so it

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will be...they will hound you to hell and back!"

Maybe, Larry does know how nasty these guys really are?
I thought that as I scanned beyond the lights to see an empty hall other than my dear friends

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from the Korean Home Shopping Network who had previously agreed to cover the event live...then again, given the time differences, how many people will be up at 3:30 AM to watch my manifesto with a killer PowerPoint

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Presentation and a vivid series of high resolution color slides.

"Where are all the press, the human right NGO's or even Netflixy?"

Later on, I would be told that I had been properly, expertly

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GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

mis-informationally schooled by
some of the very same people
who had initially gave me all their
bogus intel with what must now
seem to them as a serious
misconception or like a total
misunderstanding on their part

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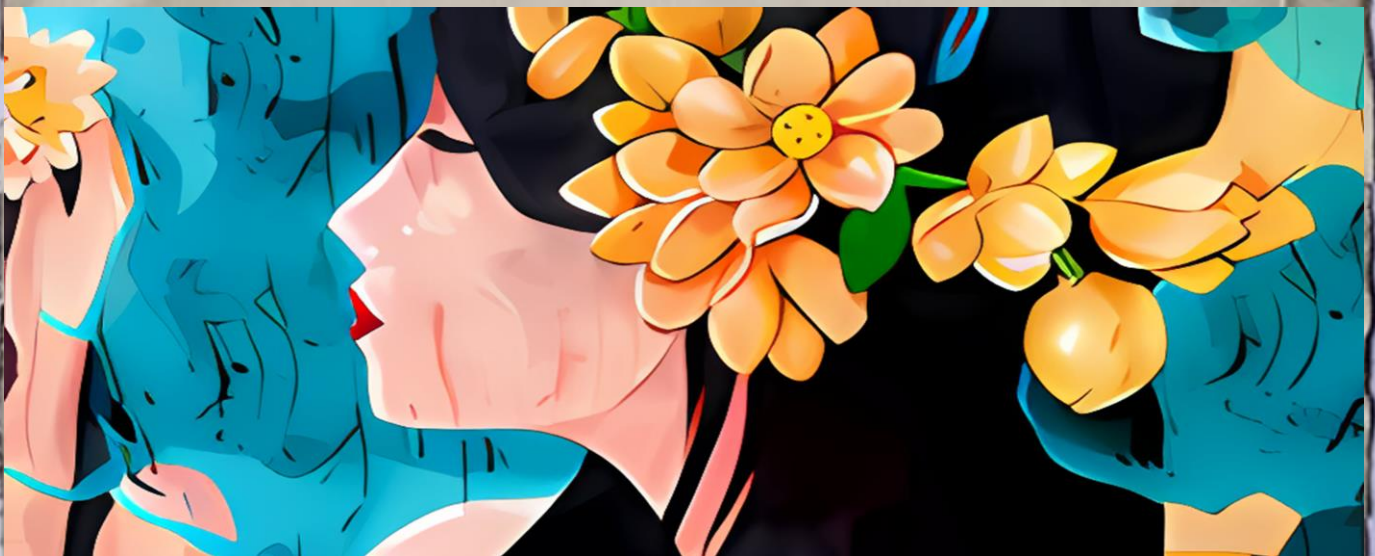


GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

that I would just release all of it,
get my 15-minutes of fame and
disappear back into the Cancel
Wilderness from which I had
hitchhiked out of.

On my part, even without Larry's
guidance; I realized up front that

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GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

I was being played and after several moments of thought, I decided to crisscross these fools and try to make a dime off of this by exposing their scam.

It was now clear that they had double, crisscrossed me with a

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GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

series of short phone calls to all of our High-Tech Overlords with a request that I be completely scrubbed from polite social media to include my various e-mail accounts (same ones that I used to promote this press

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conference) as I was plainly an Un-Amerikan, Ruskie deep cover plant out to destroy Netflix's third quarter ratings sweep.

Well, Campers! This would go a long way to explain why even the National Enquirer was a no show

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even thought I had advertised an open bar to all press members.

Still the show must go on and at least there will be a video documentary of all this thanks to the God send of the Korean Home Shopping Network even if less

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GOING LIVE ON THE KHSN!

than a handful of non-English speaking Korean will be awake to see it.

FOOTNOTE: My friend @ the KHSN called telling me that the rating were gigantic & despite the viewers not understanding what I say; they still ordered 10,000 units...What ya know!

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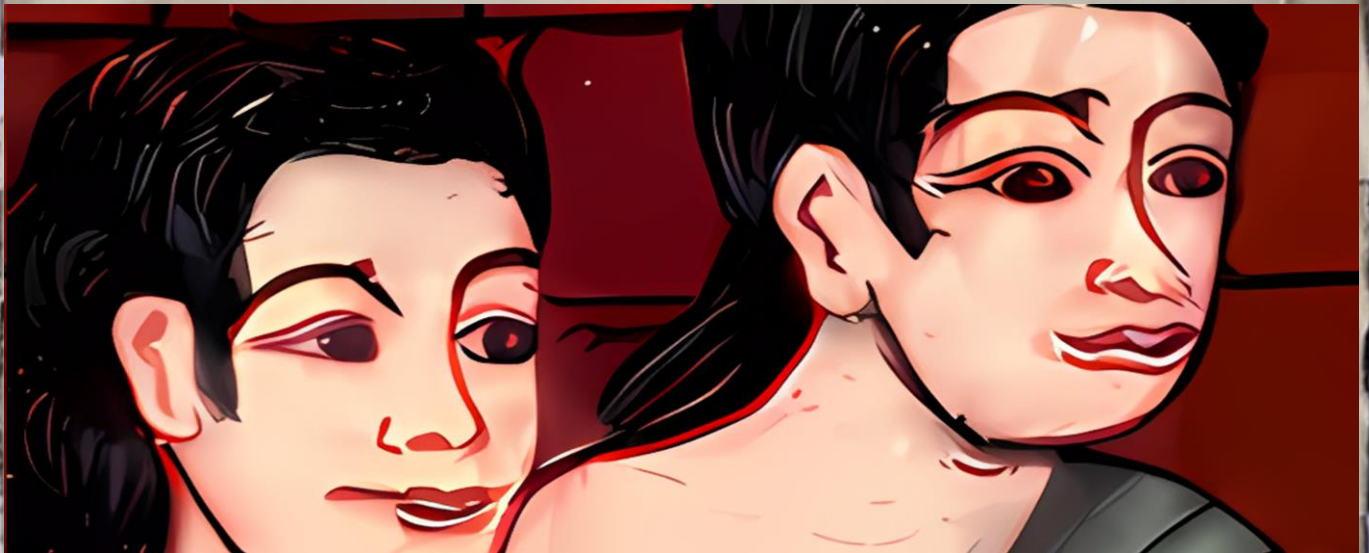


AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

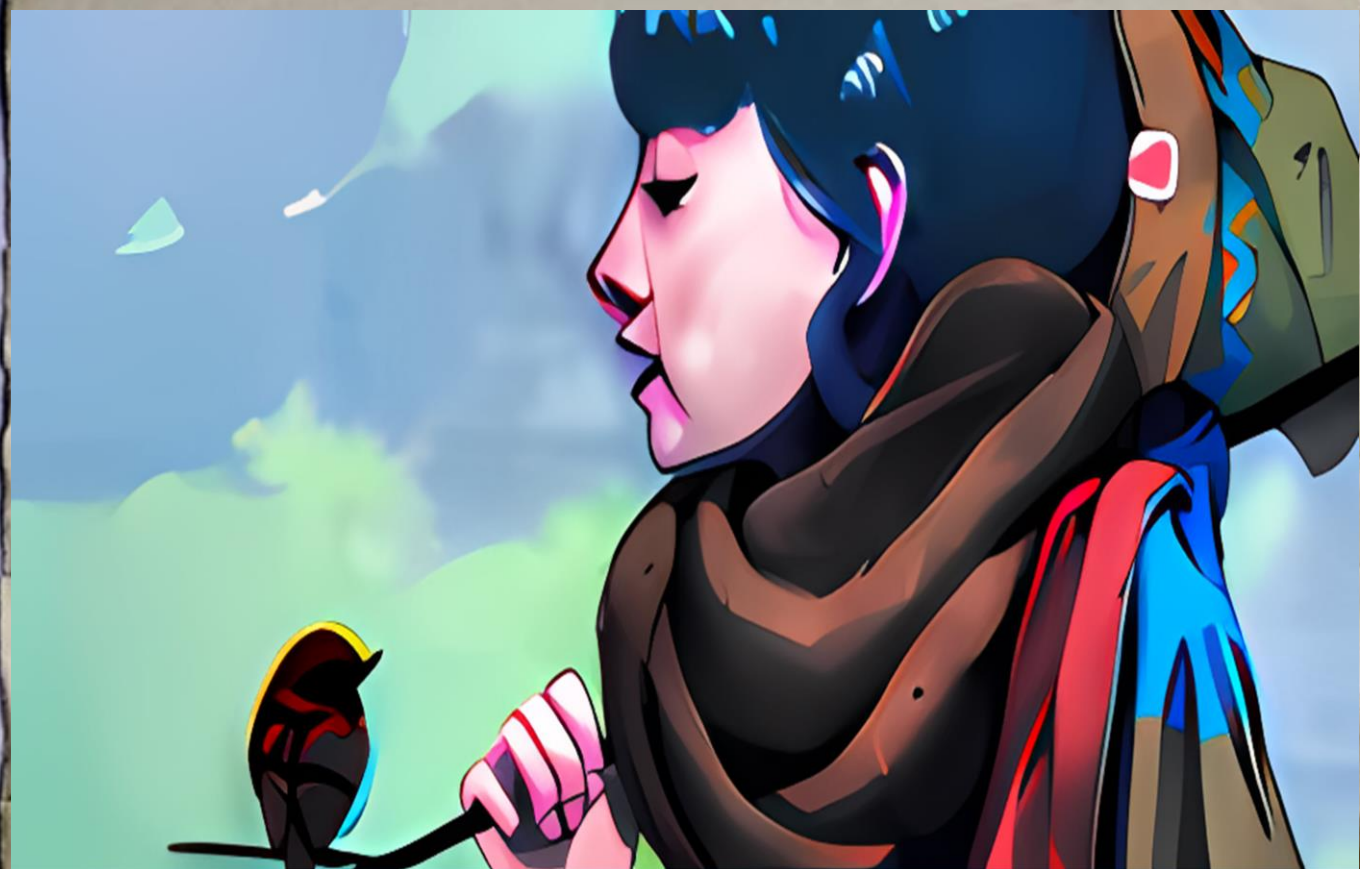
"Early in the morning, I was lying in bed, wondering...thinking...was her hair still red...???"

I was wondering...thinking about these lyrics and even more so on how much Bobby Dylan's life and mine seemed to parallel (minus

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

his fame, good looks and his wealth) as I walked down this road towards the bus station to take me back to Wanda's midtown flat here in London.

A passing stranger caught my attention and offered up his own

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

opinion that he would smoke them if I still had one to give him...

Feeling on the generous side and with no desire to get into a midnight bum fight over a ziggy... I gave him my last one and even

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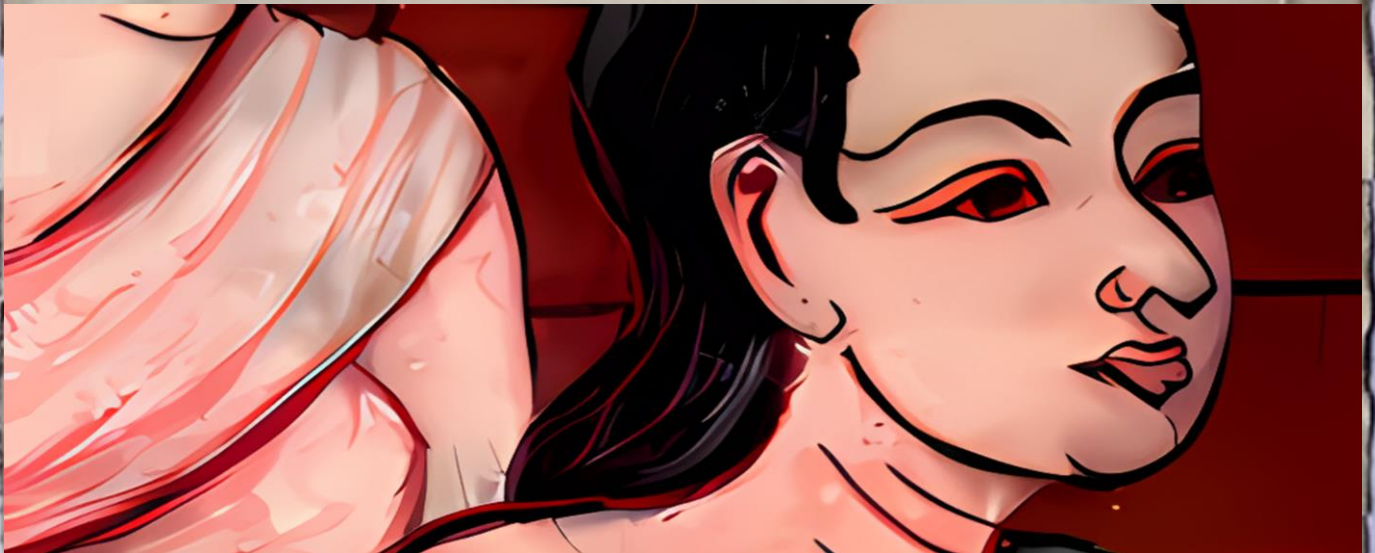


AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

lit for him as he nodded his
appreciate as he pulled the knife
and asked for my wallet and that
fine watch that I was wearing.

Gladly, I handed over my wallet
(which was empty as I carry my
money in true Hobo Fashion in

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

my socks...the last place most crooks what to search) and the watch was a poor fake of a (Taiwan Style) Rolex that I had picked up several years ago on the Cambodian Borderlands.

He ran away but, then turned

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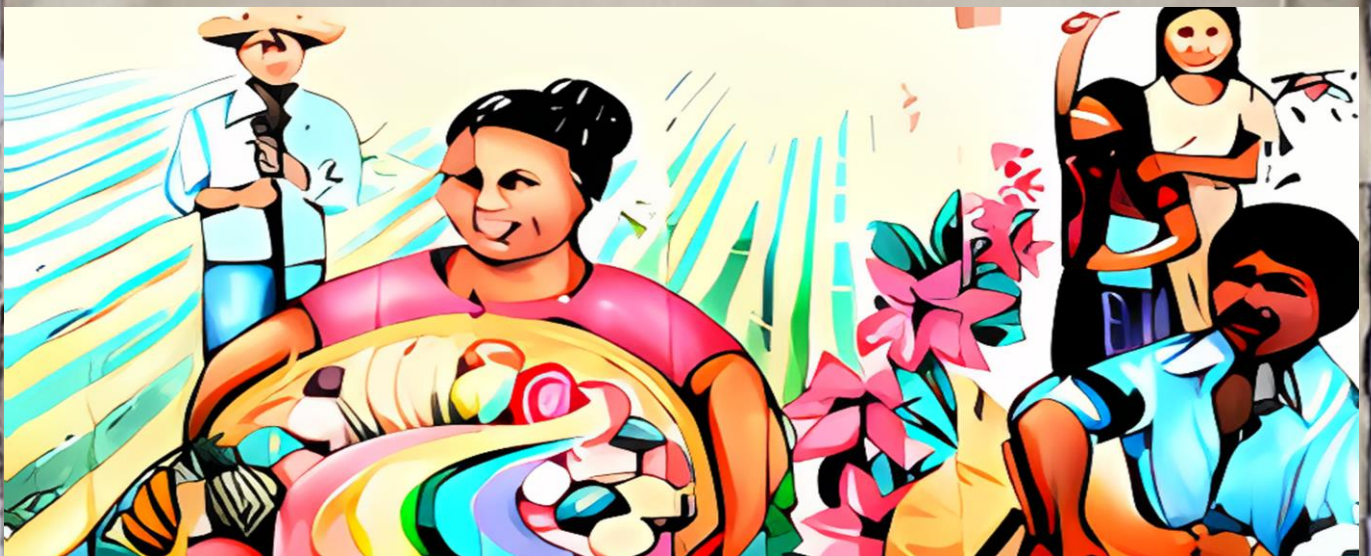


AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

back to seemingly yelled a word or two that sounded a lot like a "Thank You!"

On my way down to the bus stop, I started to feel bad for the guy as he hadn't taken the time to look inside the wallet as he just

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

grabbed it and I already could feel his pain of embarrassment as the Pawn Shop Owner (tomorrow morning) scolds him that not only is that Rolex fake but, that it is a poorly made fake, at that!

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

By some chance of Hobo Karma or ordinary luck, I reached the bus stop just as the last bus was pulling into the station and I jumped on board to take me back to the blankness of Wanda's Flat....with her disappearance, it

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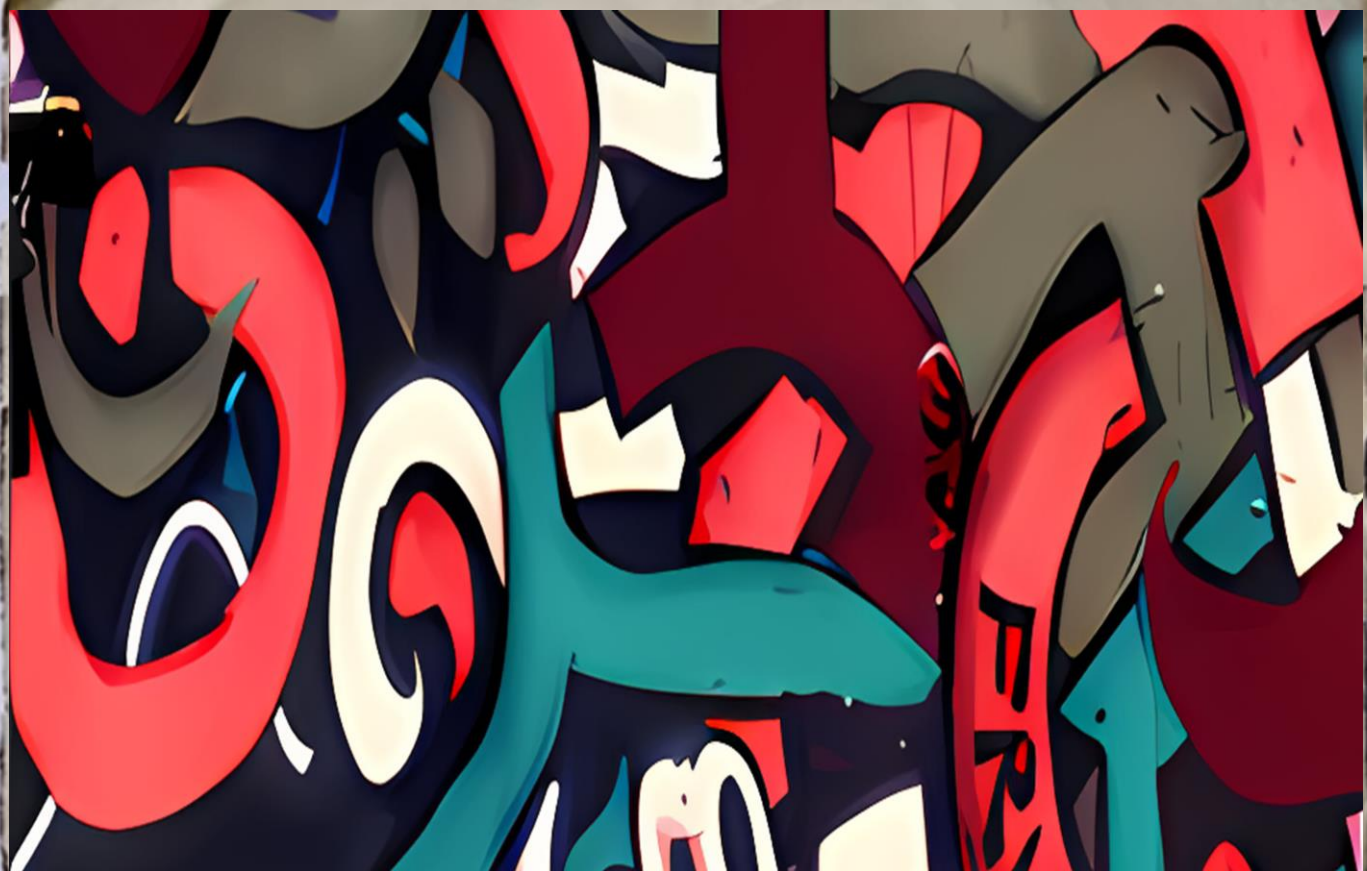
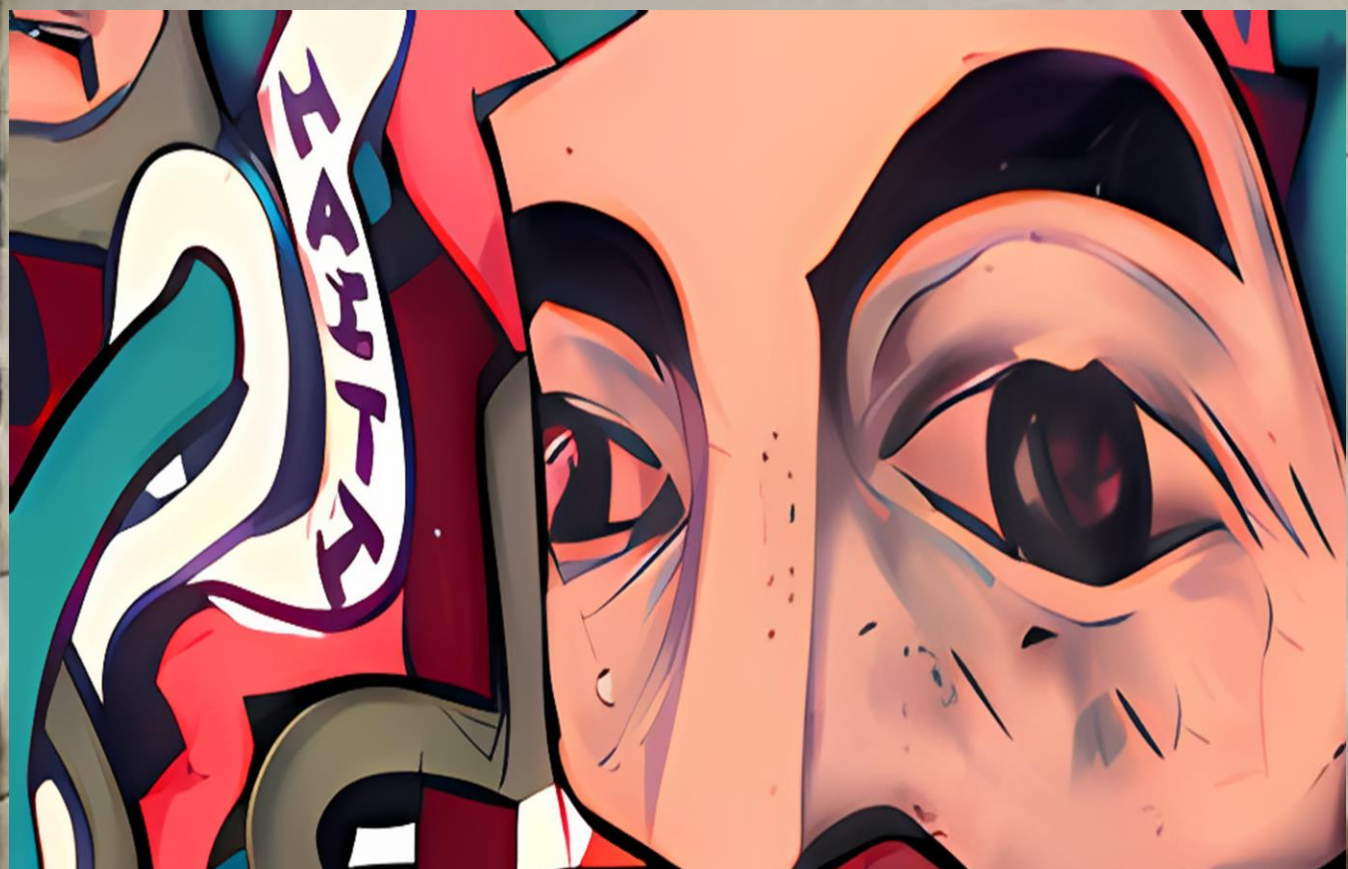


AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON
was truly an empty world where
I elected to stand alone awaiting
my morning flight back to San
Diego as she still had an old
bottle of vintage Cuban Rum and
even a box of stale girl scout
double mints; it's all just another

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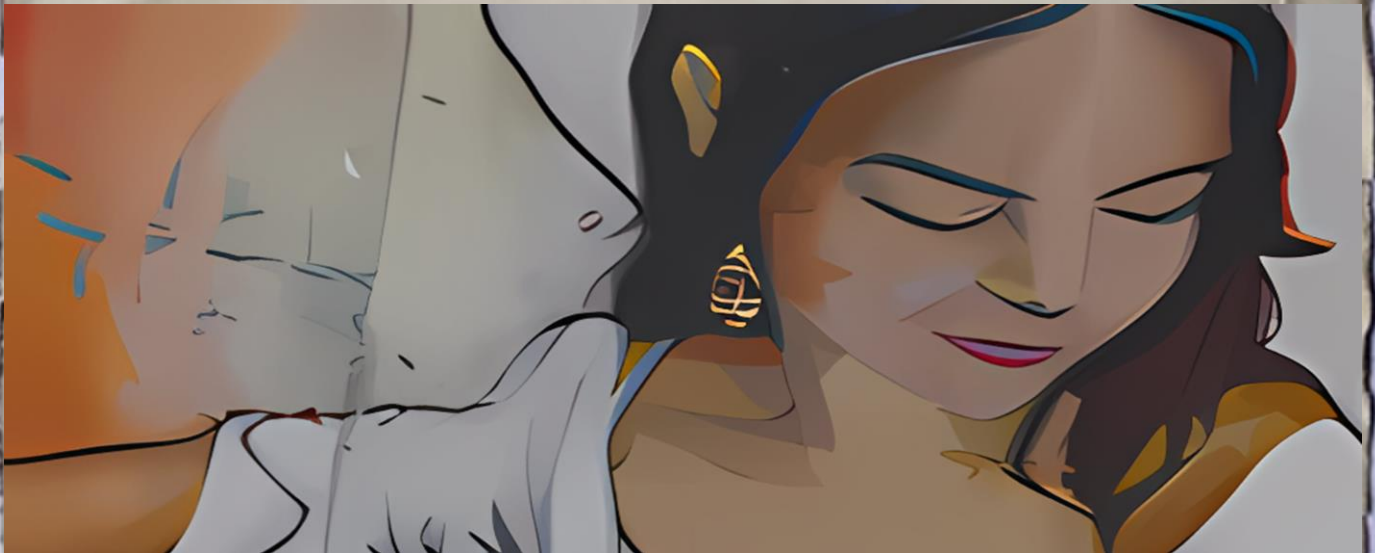
AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

Saturday Morning coming down
and all the while the Panasonic
shortwave (in her otherwise
empty flat) crackles:

*" Three...six...nine...
the goose drank wine..."*

What would I do without Radio

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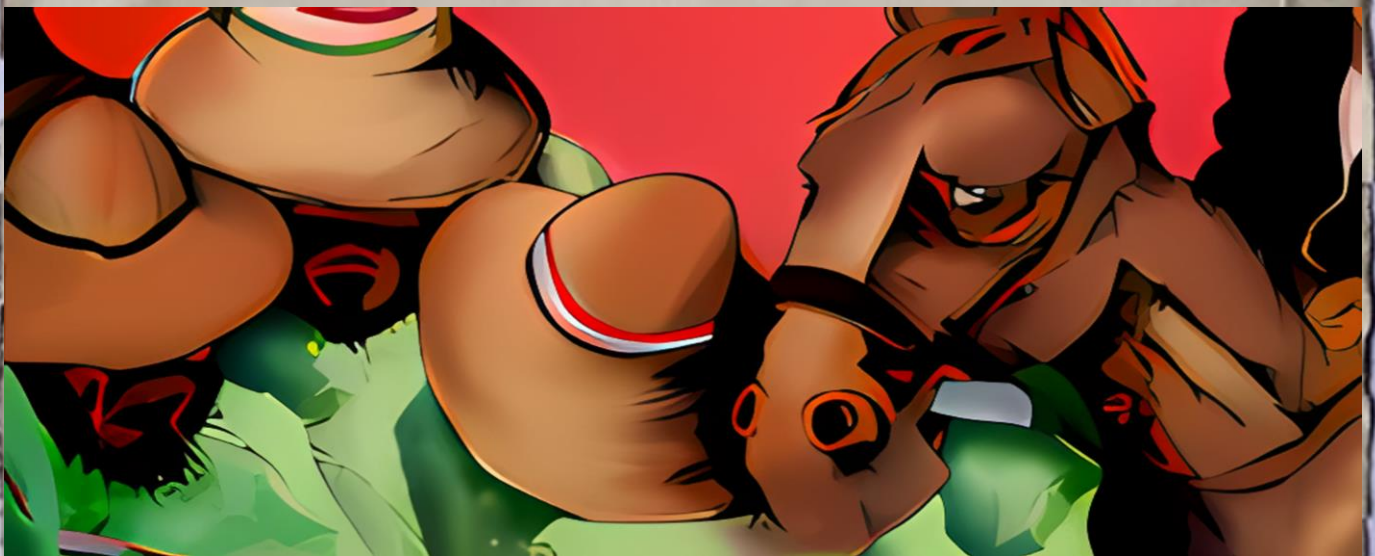


AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

Australia as the Voice of America
no longer speaks to my non-
WOOKIE generation of social
misfits...?

I smiled, as even you must now
understand that all of this is true
and that all of us card-carrying

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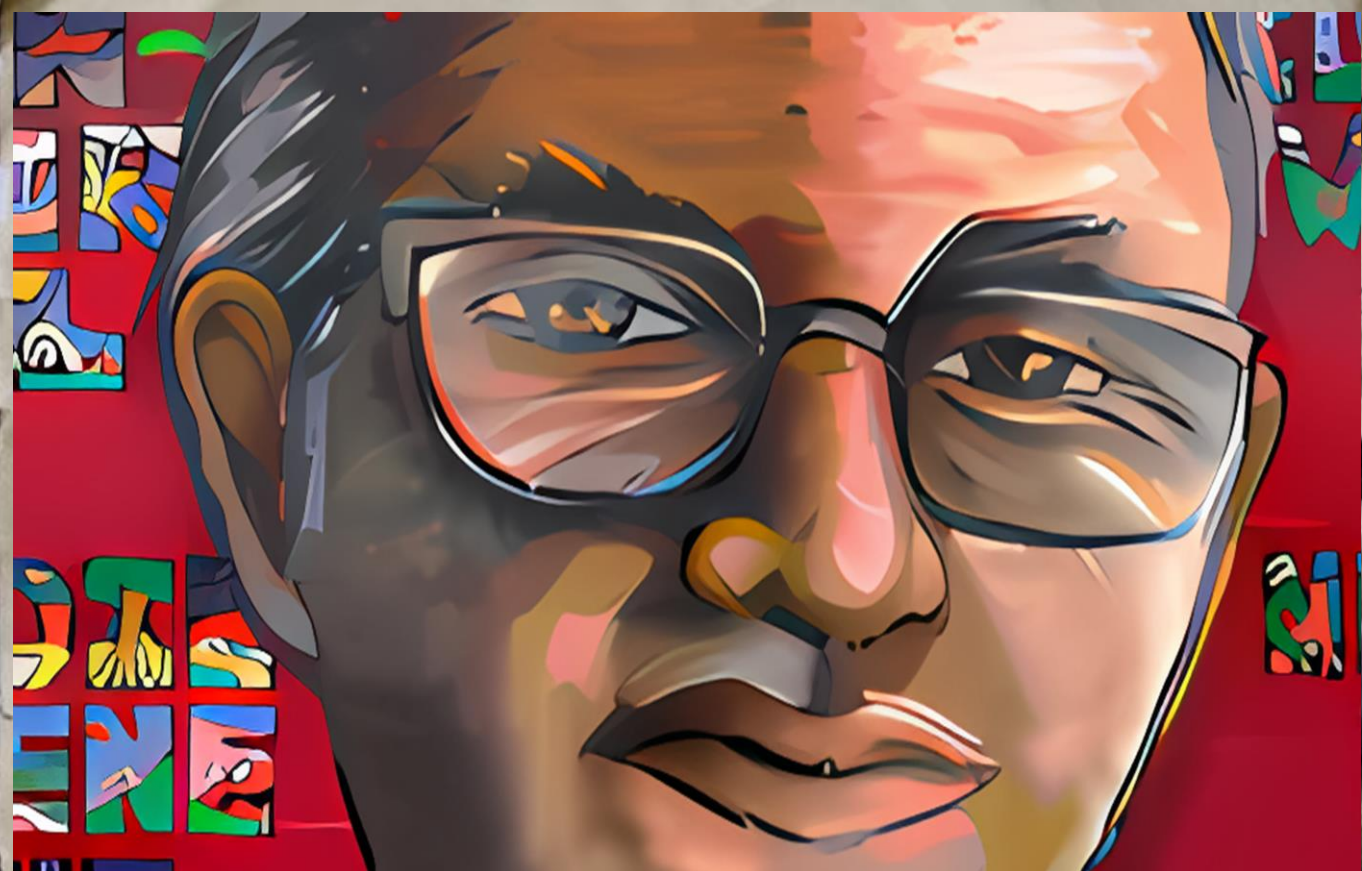
AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

Hobos of Local #432...we are all like totally, a most dangerous lot of anti-polite society hooligans each with our social credit scores dipping (now) far below a minus 20,909 credits...with new records being set daily!

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

Yes, that is true.

New records are set, daily!

My face has grown heavy and my
free time on Myspace through
this hacked wi-fi from her
neighbor's flat is about to play out
and I am lacking the quarter

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

I need to talk for the next three minutes on Wanda's phone.

Just to make myself clear and in my most earnest efforts to pass the blame whatever sins you think that I am guilty of directly unto others; let me put down this

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

editor's marker to insert the
Hobo Jedi Creed at this spot:

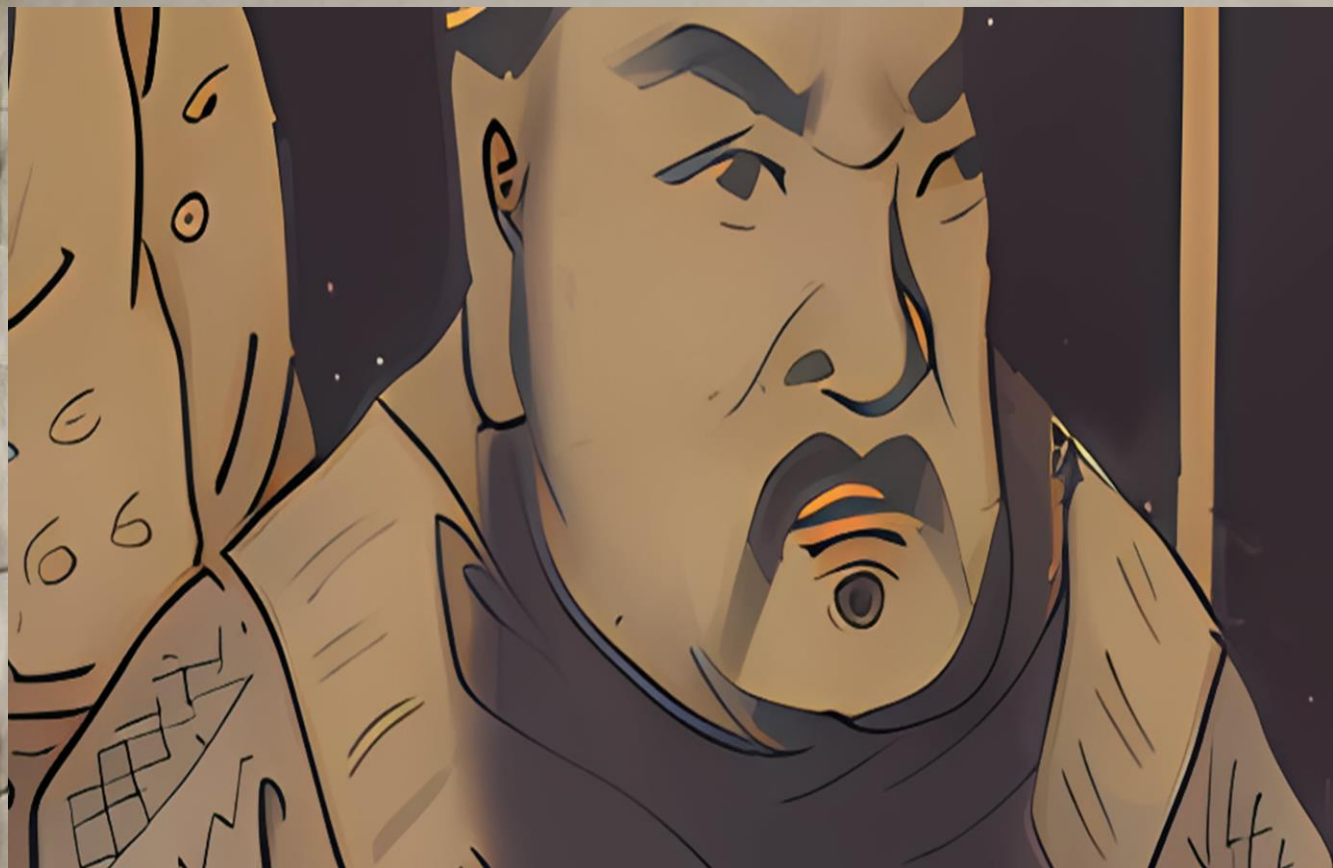
"Never take direct responsibility!"

To many of you novice readers, it
might reasonably look to be a
territorial thing but, let me
assure you it's not...it is the way

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

of our Holy Order of the Hobo Jedi
for what must be 1,000 years now.

Some might want to play this off
as just some stomach gas or a
relapse brought on by my brain's
farting...misfiring not on all of my
well-out-of-warranty cylinders...

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AT WANDA'S FLAT IN LONDON

Don't ya just love these senior moments... Lest we forget!

At this point, your new boyfriend was asking the operator:

"Who the hell is paying for this collect call????"

So, I hung up!

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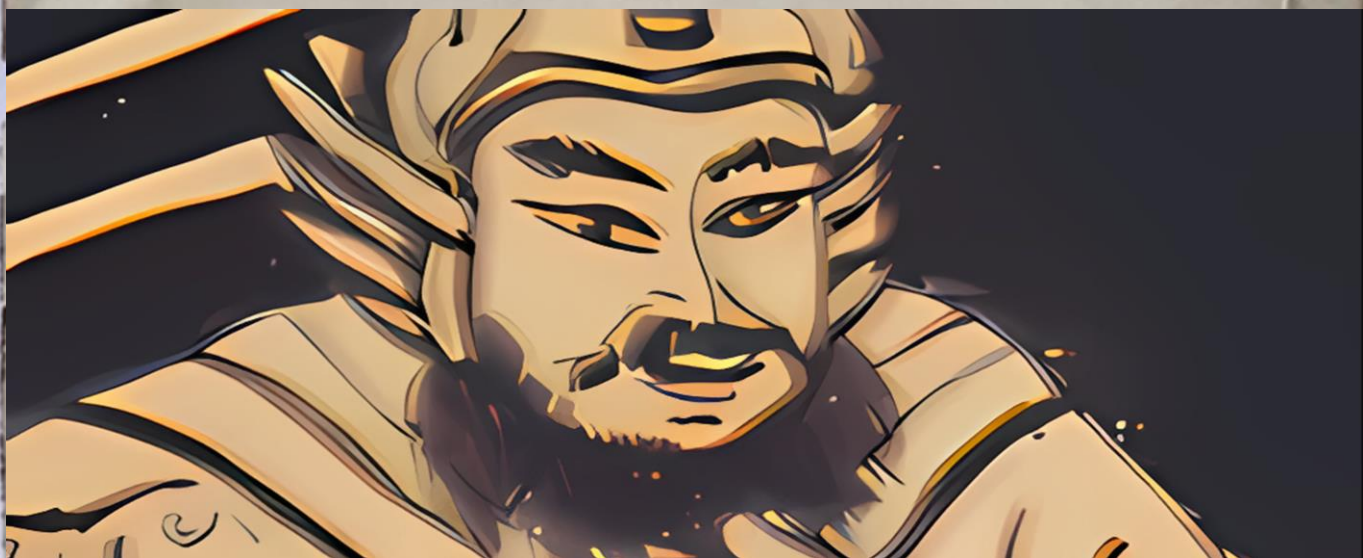




COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

The phone urgent rang for a while as I was unsuccessfully stumbling up off the coach with a rather large selection of words that cannot be printed here and searched the overturned room for Wanda's Princess Phone.

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

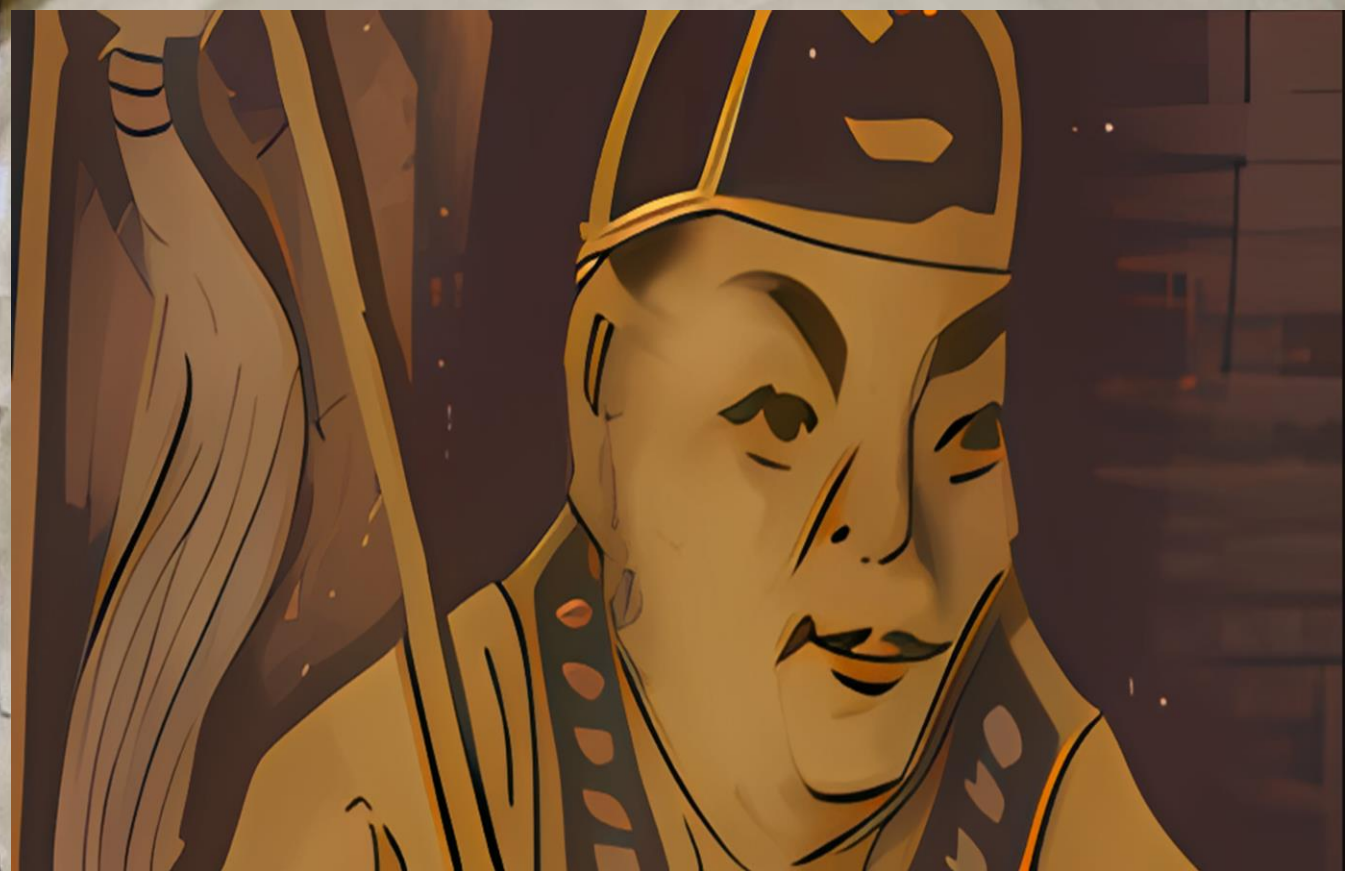
After an exhausting search, there it was sitting on the edge of the couch not far from where I had started my Grail Search and reversed course.

Just as I reached for the receiver, the phone stopped ringing and fell silent.

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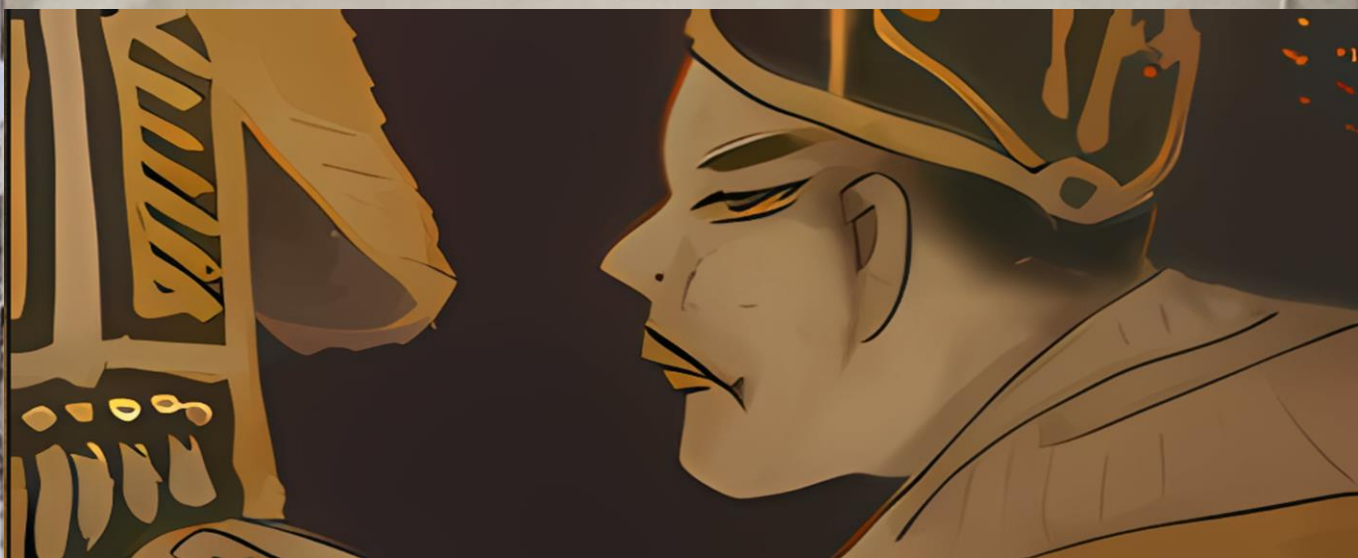
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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

OK! I may have mumbled something to the effect of "What a way to start the day?" but again, I may have used a more colorful vocabulary. I have been told by my corporate slave masters that it seriously bordered on the far

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON
reaches of rudeness and would
be very illegal for them to print
there in Singapore.

I assumed that it was coming up
on the day as anyone that knows
me would be well aware and
anyone who considered to be in

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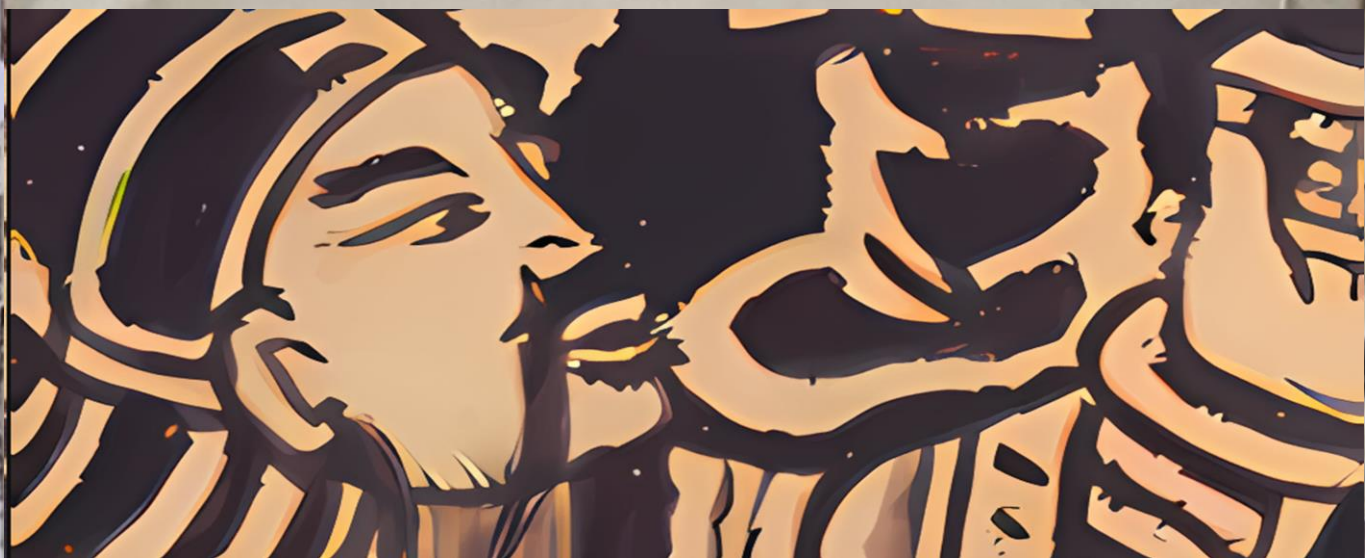


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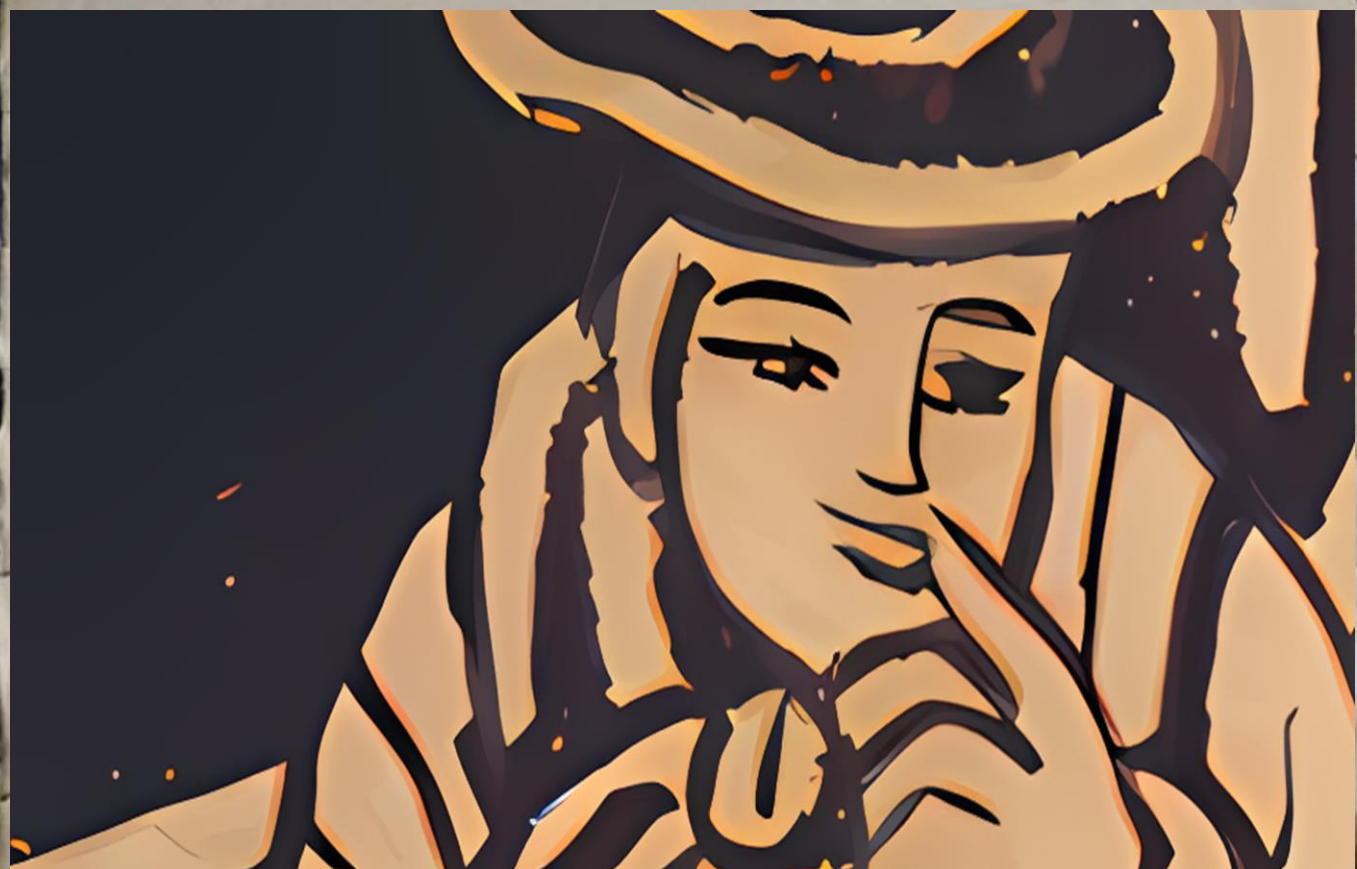
their right mind would NOT attempt to wake me this early – as they already be well aware that I'm not much of a morning person.

While settling back on my perch at the head of the couch, I thought that it was fortunate that the

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

hapless caller had grown tired of waiting, hanging up before I could share more than a few of these unpublishable thoughts with them with much free abandon.

Looking over to the wall clock in the kitchen, I saw that it was

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON
about 3:30 AM and I figured that
with a tab bit of luck, I might still
have a couple more hours of
snooze time before having to get
ready to catch a plane back to
San Diego.

Wanda had taught me a really

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

cool metaphysical method of controlled breathing that would starve my brain of oxygen and allow me to black out within minutes and fall into a deep, harmonic reem sleep.

Wanda did warn me directly to

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

not overdo this technique or NOT to do this in a public location as this lowers your vitals to such a level that you would appear in comma or if you truly master it, even a good EMT would declare you toe-tag dead and call the funeral home to come get you.

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

Wanda (being the excellent guru that she was) strictly warned that if I failed to tattoo this important disclaimer on my forehead; I might end up like that old gal that we both knew in Reno (who had become a successfully

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON
master of this) who used this
mastery to avoid her landlord on
rent day and an assorted
collection of angry bill collectors.
At first, I was impressed by such
a skilled master; thinking of her
as a true Hobo Hero until Wanda

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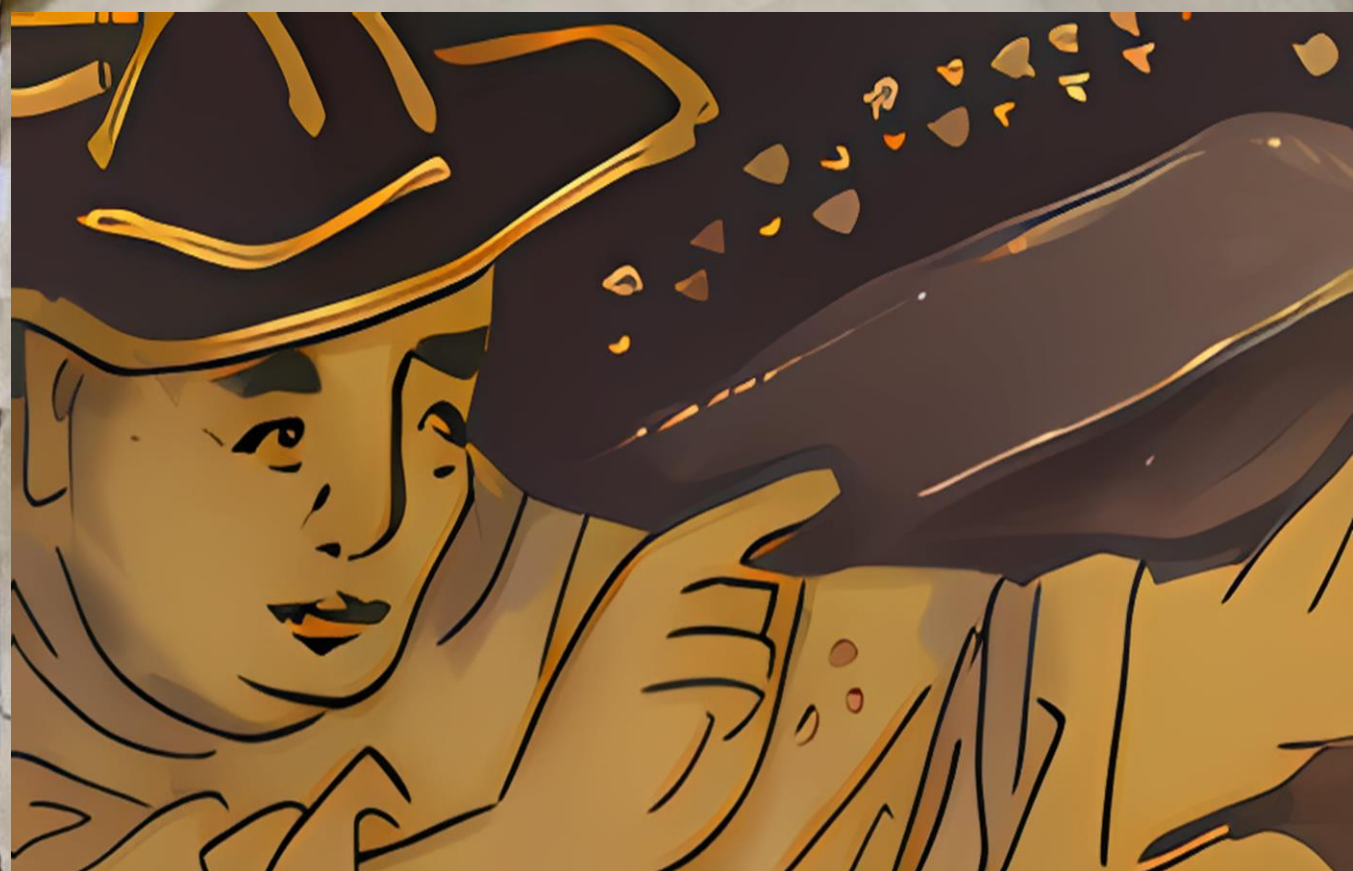
COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

continued to explain that this Hobo Hero's abuse of this technique caused her (on many more than a few occasions) to almost be buried alive or at least once, cremated before waking up at the very last moment.

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

Once mastered, the technique was simple and easy for even the dullest head of a pin (which according to Mystery School Insiders was a direct result of the heavenly game of seeing how many angels could fit on the head

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

of that pin) or sleep deprived zombie could fall asleep without using harmful pharmaceuticals.

The first step is to lay down in a quiet, nonpublic, comfortable, safe location to prevent a repeat of the "Reno" Effect and then, it

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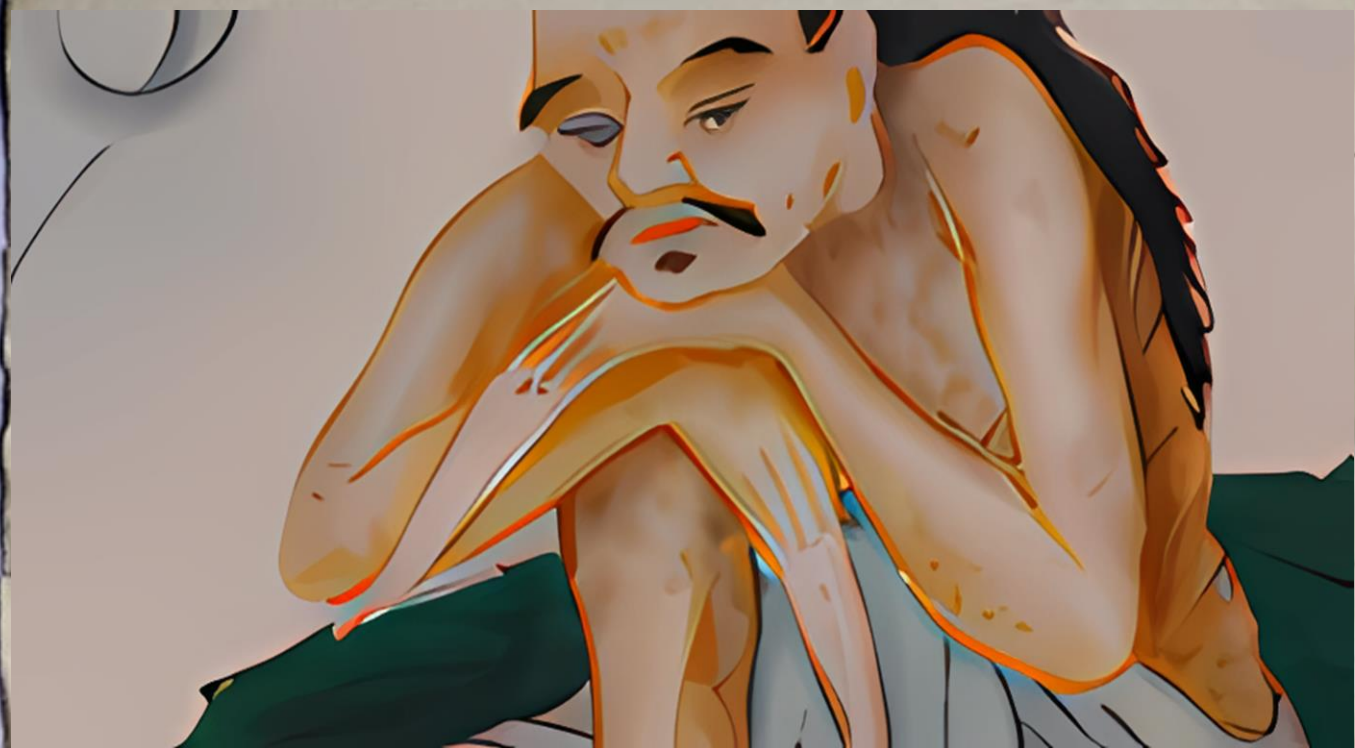
COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

was only a matter of lowering
your harmonic frequency by
means of a patent-pending
method of controlled breathing by
means of narrowing your focus
much as you have seen the Yogis
of India have been doing for years.

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

The theory is that by modulating your body's magnetic vibrations to the level of the couch allows you to become one with the couch and this so confuses your ever active mind and it starts to shut down body functions to bare maintenance levels.

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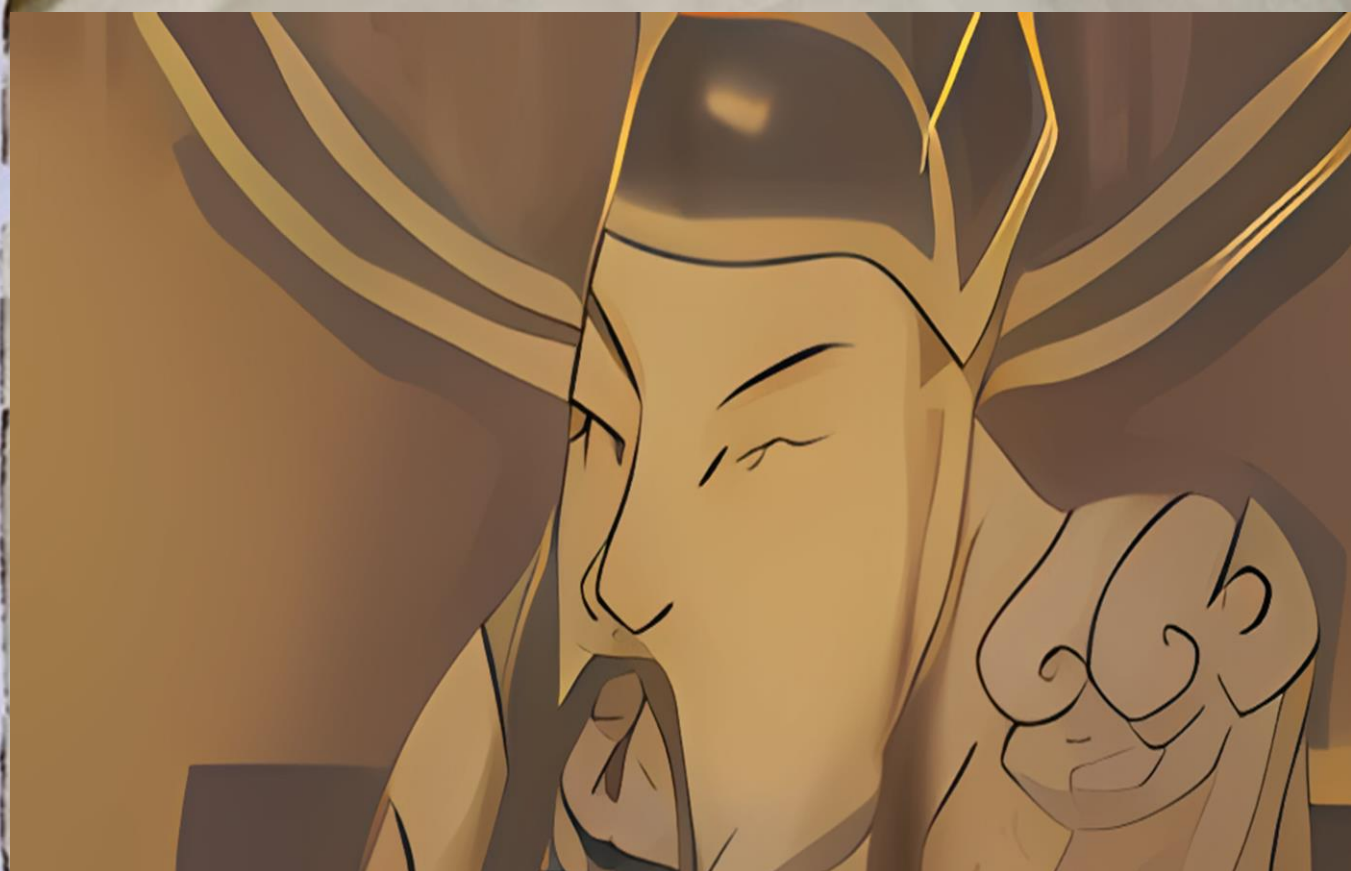
COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

Understand and I appreciate that I am giving you a Reader's Digest Version of a Reader's Digest Version of this but, I am restricted as this is trademarked and patent-pending by my dear friends in the Mystery School of Alexandria.

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Startled out of my normal routine, it strikes me that this might be some form of harassment by Govt. Remote Viewer(s) messing with me or their ongoing attempts to homestead on the back reaches of my mind's south forty.

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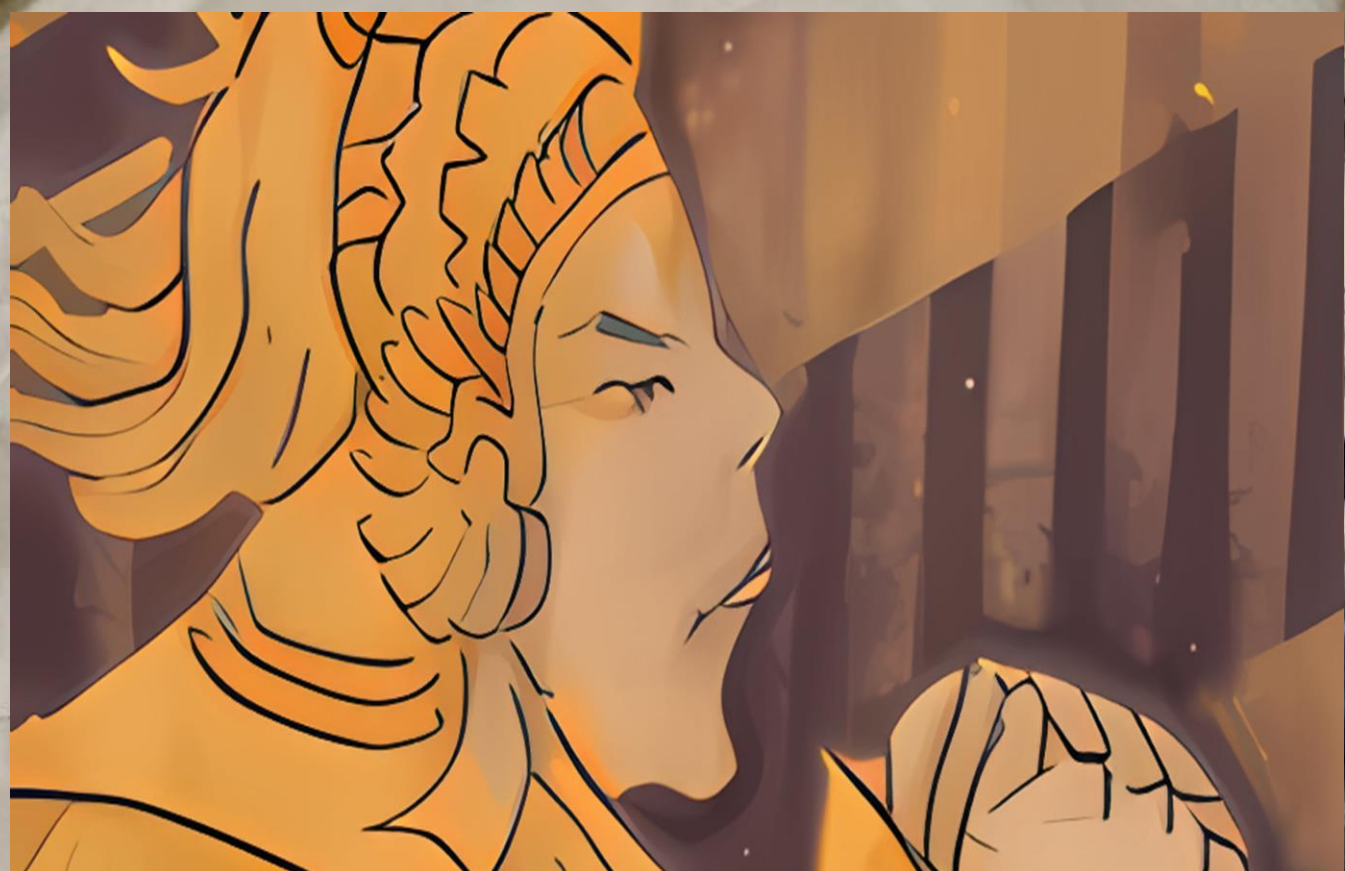
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OK! Call me what you want; I have been trained to be aware of all the various forms of low earth orbit, subliminal mind control and if you had (even to a small extent) background in Mystery School Summer Workshops or had you

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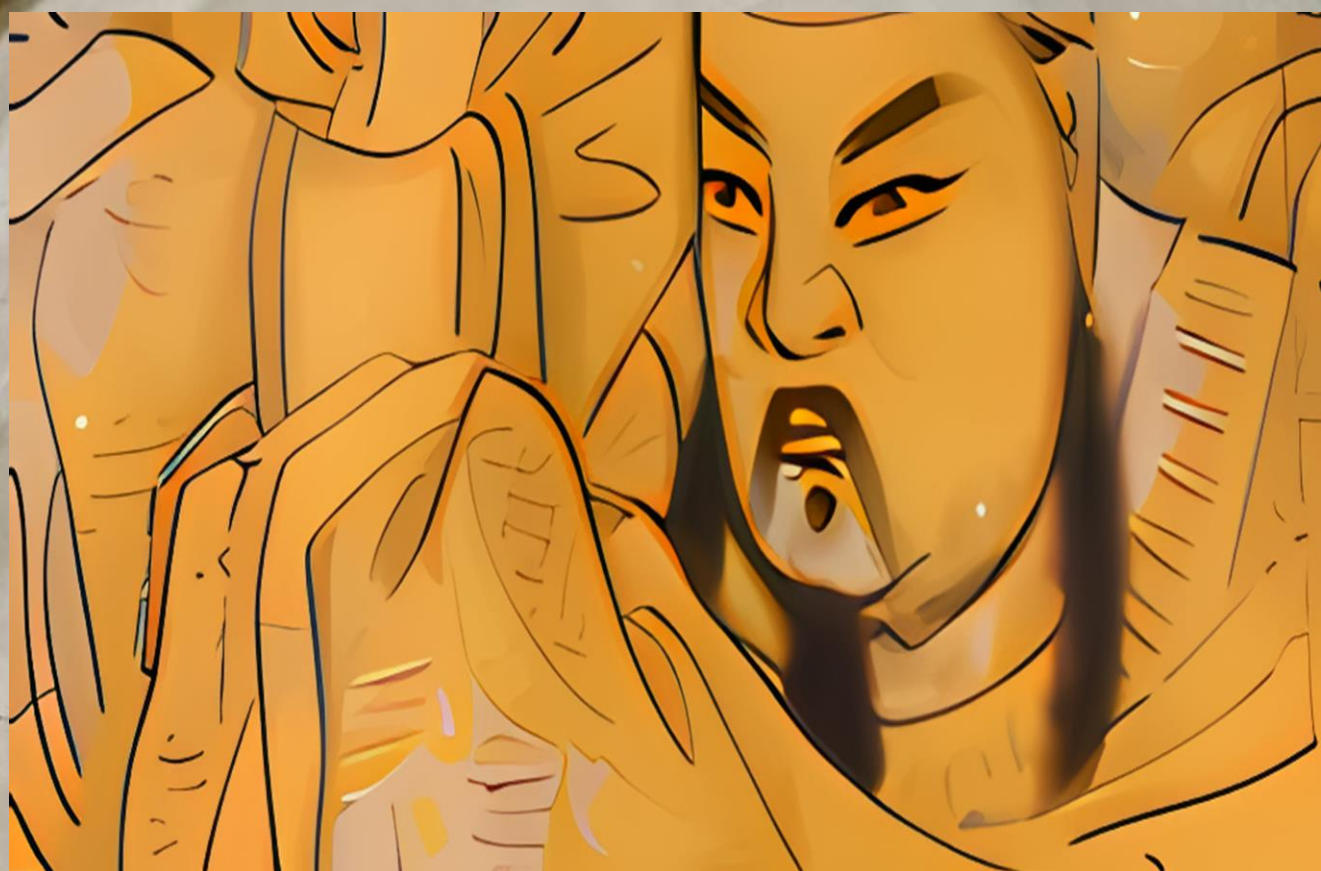
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become an self-made educated reader of the late, great Jim Marrs; you too would quickly see the mental matrix everywhere like the skull-N-crossbones graphic hidden in the ice of 1950-60's commercial alcohol advertising

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copy or ever wonder why you had such an urge to get up and go to the movie concession stand even though the movie just started?

The answer lies directly in the abuse of secret knowledge stolen from the inner teaching of the

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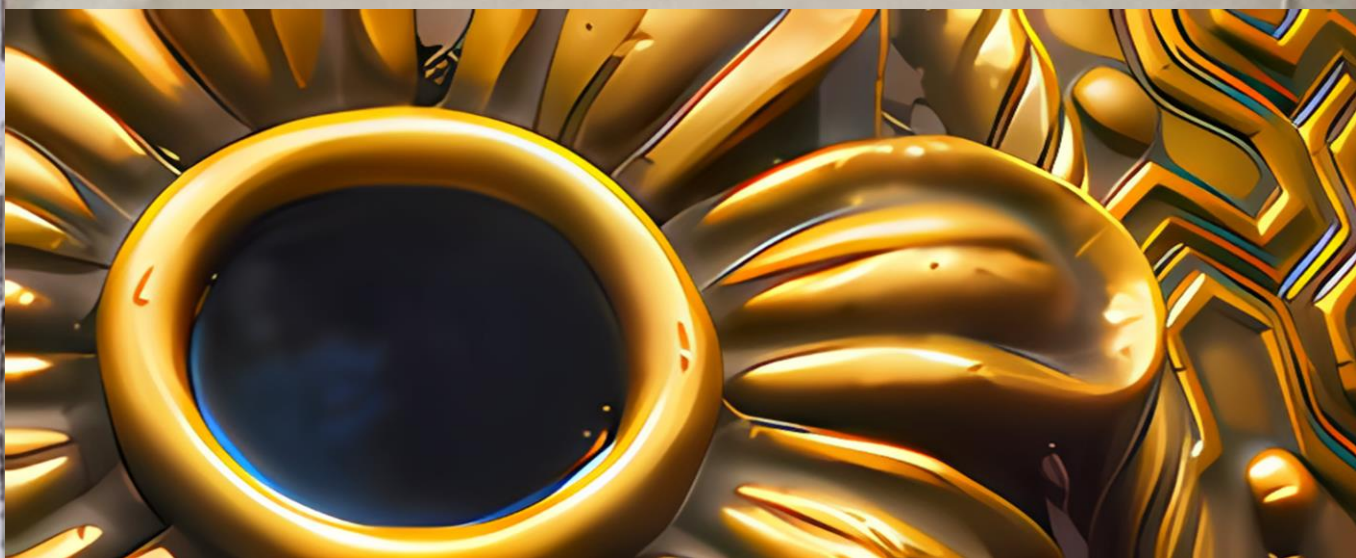
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Mystery Schools by undercover agents of the Corporate Congress and their hired gun, renegade cadre of thuggish, Remote Viewers. Reaching out for the stylish, pink-colored, princess phone's receiver; grasping it as if it was a poisonous

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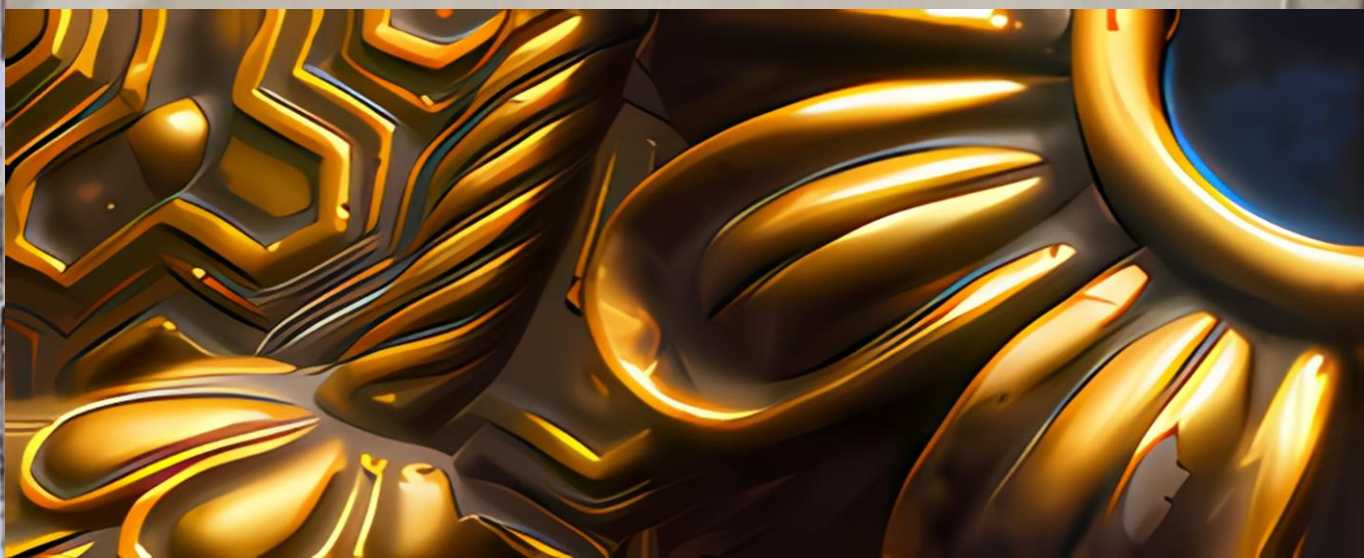


COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

cobra snake while screaming
loudly into the receiver in a long
rant of words that would have
offended a sailor at the tail end of
a three-day drunk. Trust me!

Slowing coming up for air,
I awaited a response or at best,

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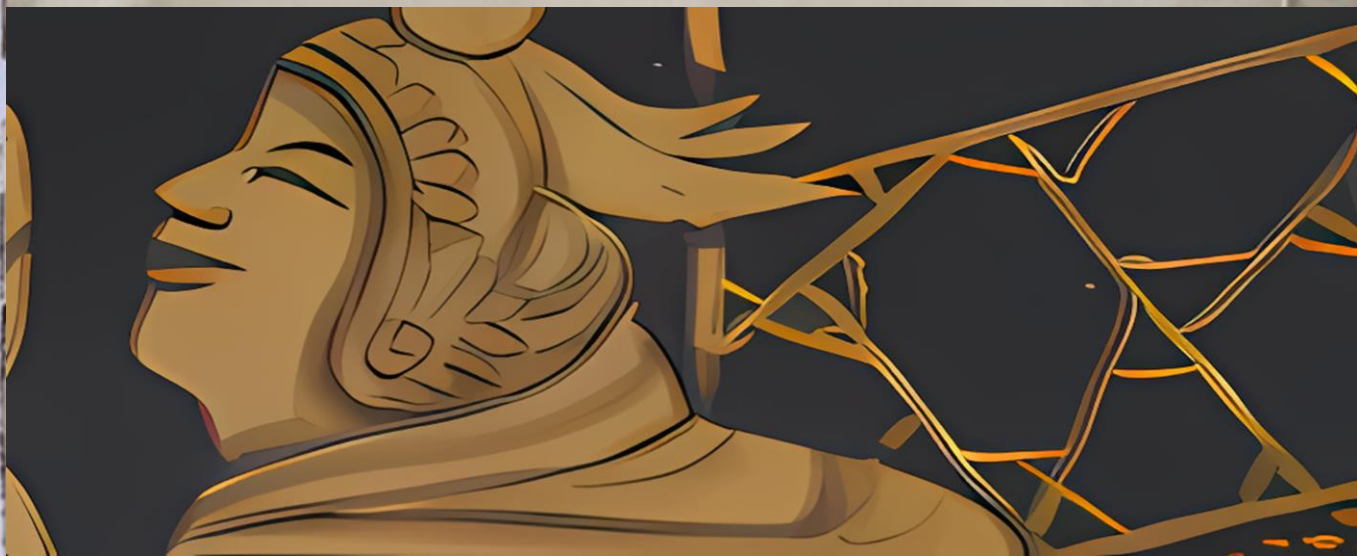
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a hanging up click.

It was only then that I realized
that it was the operator and even
as she seemed to be fighting
back tears; she still brought
herself to do her job and say:
"This is a collect call...Will you

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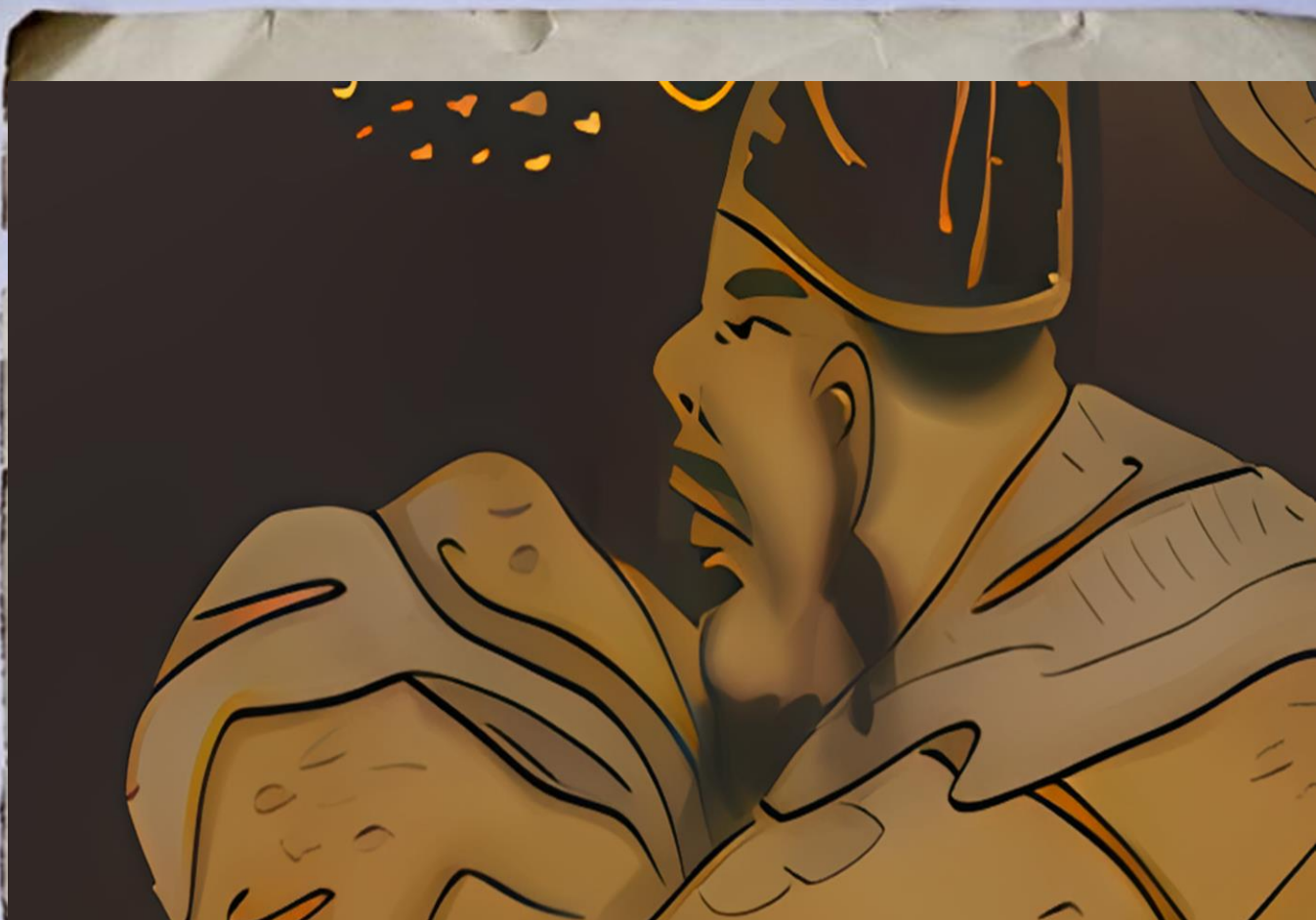
COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON
accept the charges?"

Where, how to start to expressing
my apologies to what did seem to
be a nice, middle-age woman; so,
I didn't and tried to maintain a
stern but more sociable tone in
inquiring as to who was collect

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

calling me from a rather far off Jackson Mississippi at 4 AM in early hours of the morning.

This was a difficult transition from my utterly beyond rude manners to my lame attempt towards reducing the phone call's

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

potential that I might be charged with having violated several federal or FCC laws by the unauthorized usage of Secret Hobo Mantra Chants (MA Bell's Corporate Lawyers have since made me aware of these facts).

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At this point, what was I to do; so, I accepted the charges and waited to find out what was so urgent that they needed to ring me at 4 AM?

“What is it????”

I yelled into the receiver and

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

patiently awaited an apology or
(at best) a reasonable
explanation(s) for ruining my last
opportunity to get some sleep
before my early morning flight.

Silence...not dead air as I could
hear someone or something

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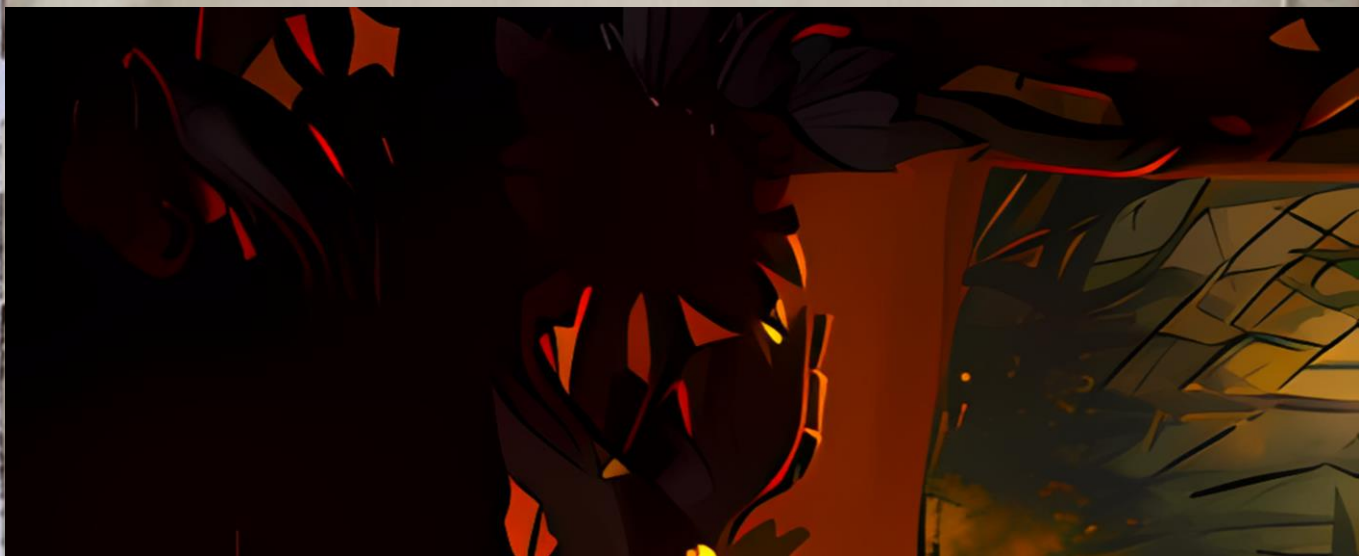


COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON
breathing hard on the other end
of the line.

“Look, Bubba! This is on my dime
and I suggest that you pony up
whatever nonsense you so
needed to tell me at 4 AM?”

Still silent!

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COLLECT CALLS FROM JACKSON

Just as I started to hang up, a voice echoed across the line:

“You should have NEVER done that Press Conference! REALLY, you shouldn’t!”

I hung up the phone and went looking for whatever remained of

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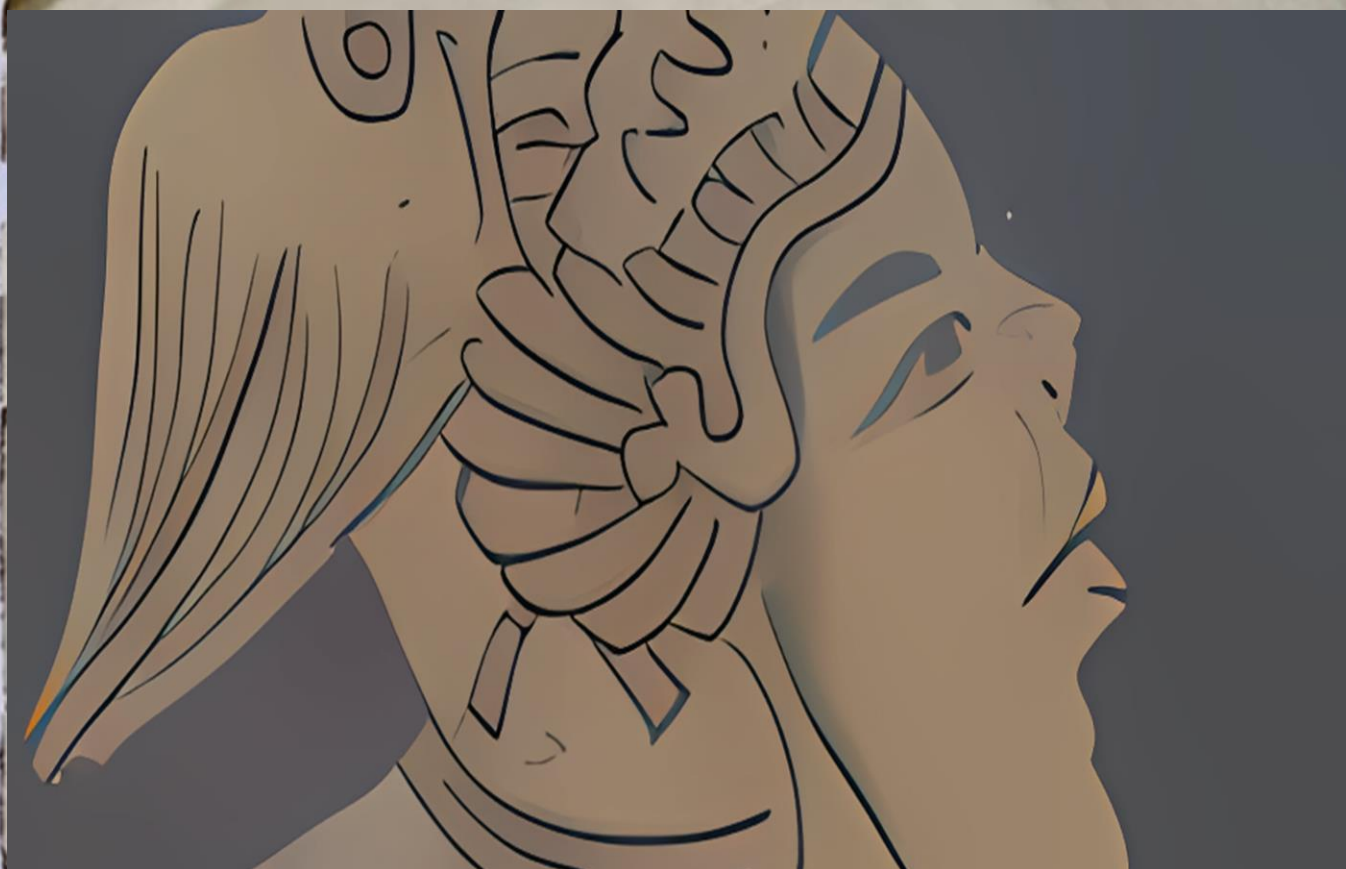
the Cuban Rum that I have been drinking earlier in the night.


Three hours before the flight and little chance to get more than a moment's sleep; I decided to hit the shower and wondered if Wanda had any eggs in the fridge.


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Just now · 

...

While (at the time) I never figured that I would have the honor to lunch with Mr. Gandhi...Like...ya just never know!



1 Year Ago
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Dining with Gandhi...

